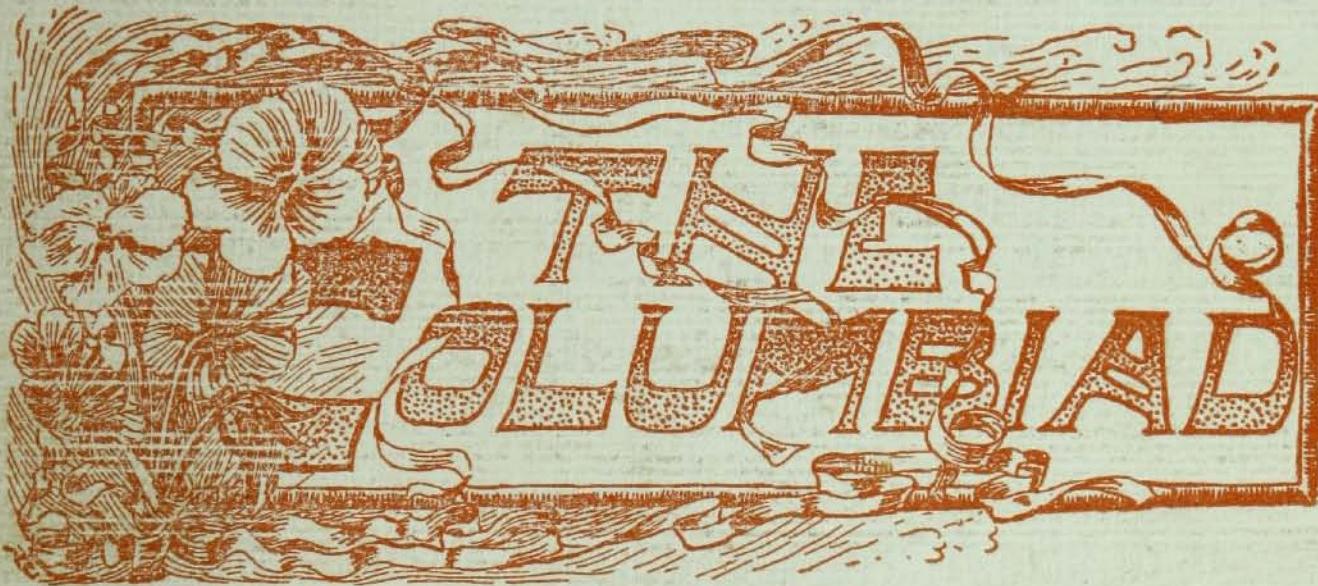


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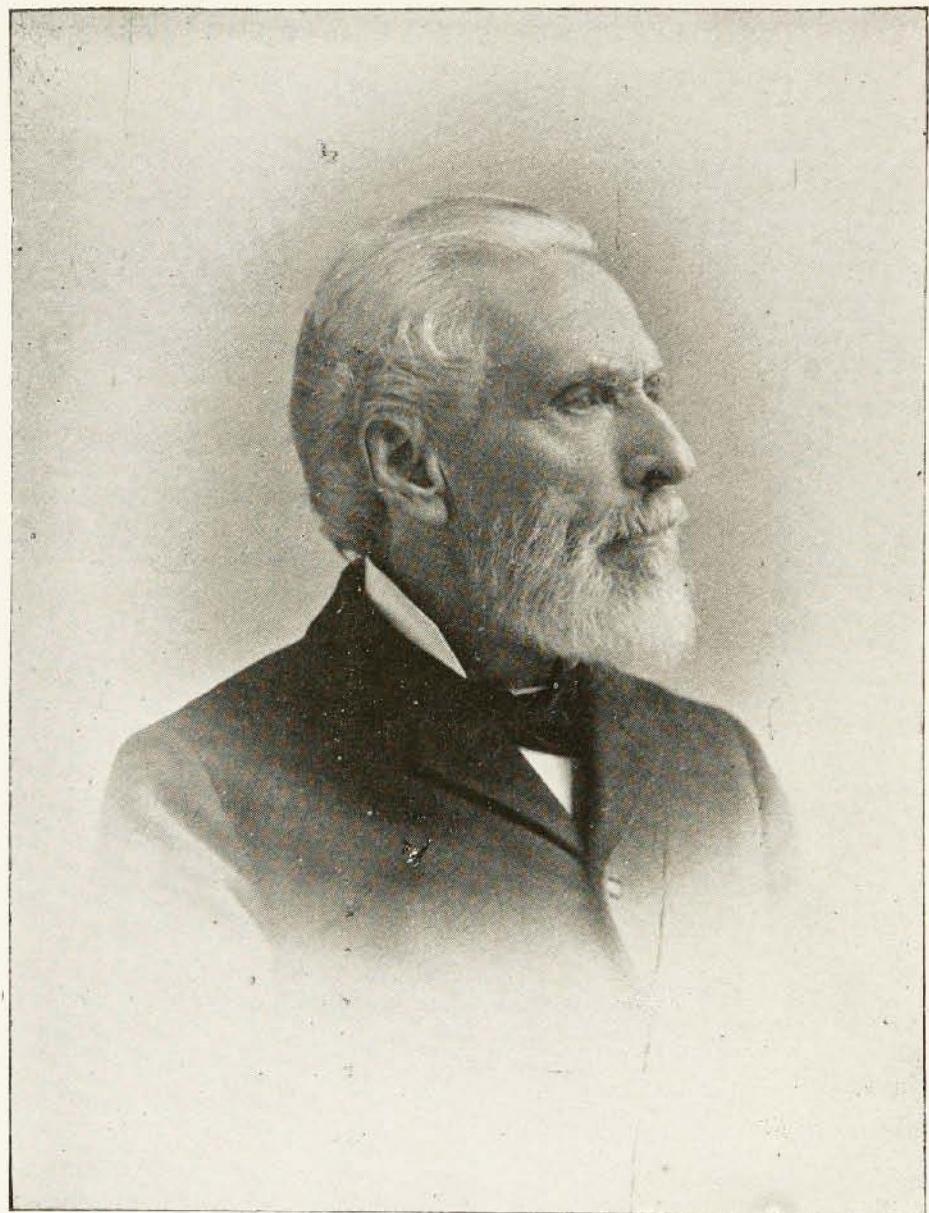
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## PROEM.

**F**AIR CLIO, haste from heaven and give us aid,  
And glad Euterpe, breathe upon our song !  
Clear be the strain, and loud the notes and strong,  
In which our proclamation shall be made.  
This spring-time token loyally we braid  
As fillet round the brow of her who long  
Shall give her precepts to an eager throng ;  
She is our priestess and our mother staid.  
We flaunt our various banners in the air,  
Brisk be the breeze that gives them good display !  
And here we set our little memory-stones,  
As in a circlet for our mother fair;  
Their gleams may tarry till some coming day  
When scattered and age-whitened are our bones.

R. M. A.

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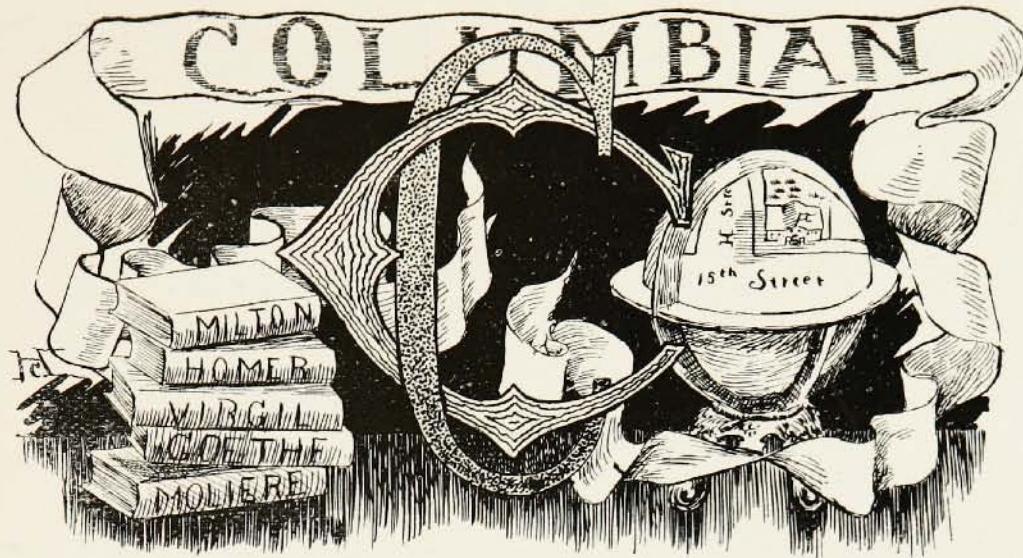
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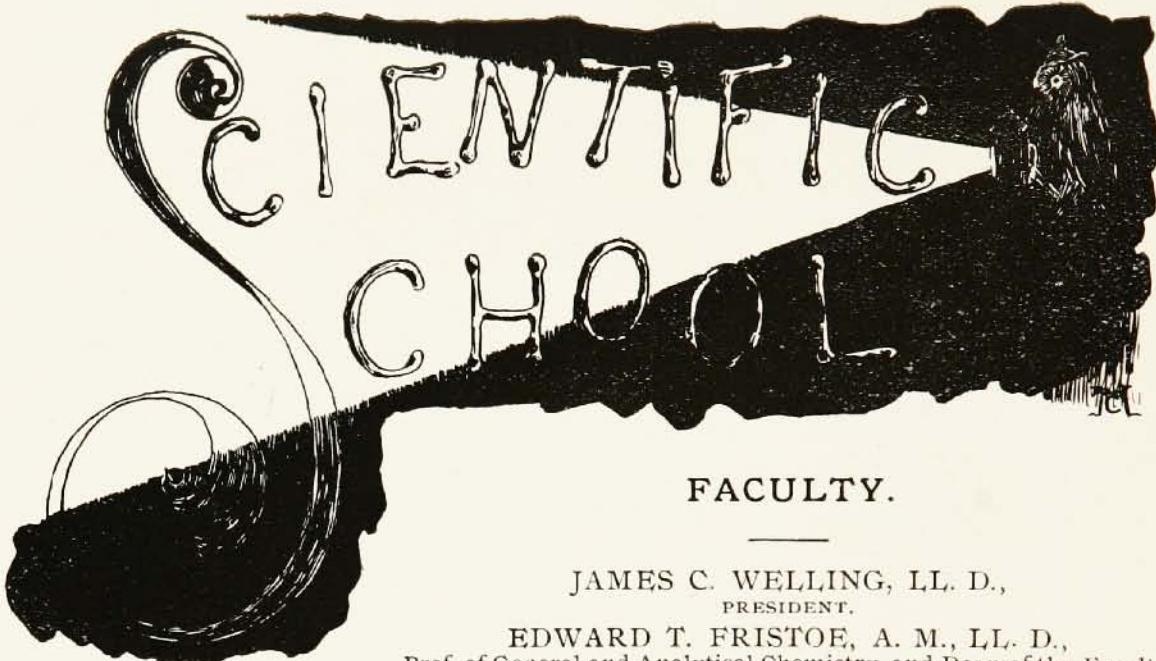
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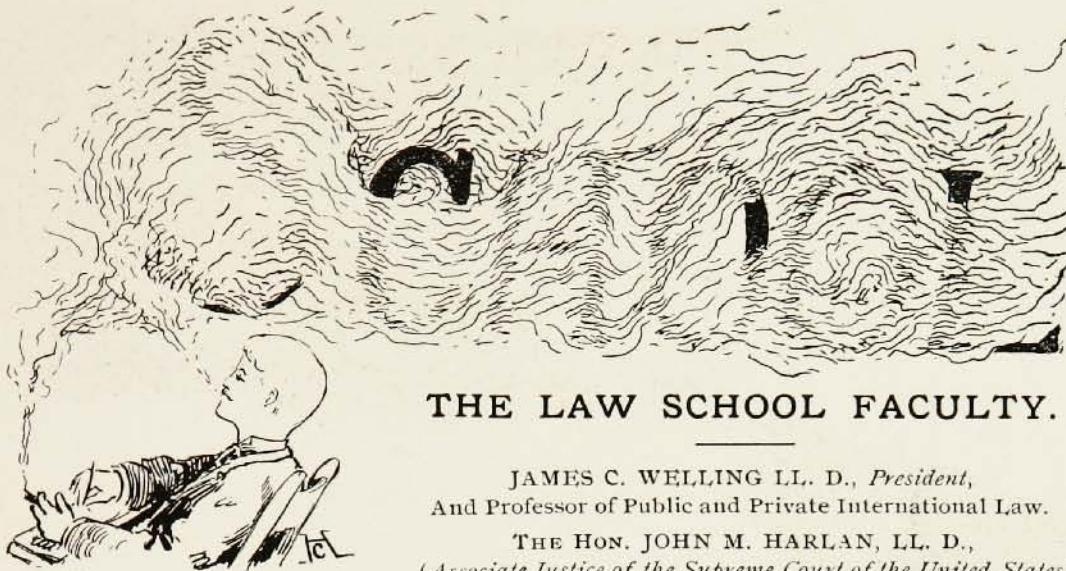
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CLASS OF '92.

*"Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus."*

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FLOWER: PANSY.

COLOR: WHITE.

---

Everything must have a history (see Welling on the History of History). Indeed, it has been largely due to this authoritative dictum, along with the full appreciation of the great demand for information in this special line of inquiry—*i. e.*, as to what students do in the Senior Class at College—that we have been induced to present to the public this short sketch of the history of our notable class.

Every history must have its method of study (see Buckle on The Outlines of History). We write the history of the Senior Class as viewed from the standpoint where the metaphysical, physiological, and psycho-

logical *δ'δοι* intersect (read Humphrey on The Lines and Laws of the Mental Universe). After matter had been produced and had been brought under the pale of space, time, and cause (see Thompson on the Necessary Concepts and Fundamental Relations); after it had so far advanced in its evolution that the planets revolved in their orbits around the sun and the satellites revolved around their respective planets (see Hershel and LaPlace on the Nebular Hypothesis), and after everything had settled down to perfect quiet and steady work (see H. Grant Hodgkins on Order and Decorum), our remotest ancestors came upon the then existing earth (read Darwin's Descent of Man). They adapted themselves to their environment and were somewhat changed in the course of ages (read W. D. Green's speech "From the Gnat to Man").

Just as soon as they looked so much like man that it was annoying not to have them labelled, they were endowed with reason and moral judgment (see Lodge's Defense of Evolution). Then they began to evolve again (see Dr. Schelwelchwilch on The Force of Habit). This evolution now brings us down to the time when man first begins to keep records. Now, in order to save time, we shall say nothing more concerning our genesis but shall refer you to Knownothing's Human Progress. Here we find ourselves at the very gates of our campus (see Gore on University Extension).

Before giving a description of our class, it is only right to wipe out a slur cast on us in last year's COLUMBIAD. "The greatness of one's influence can be measured by the opposition one excites, because men do not attack that which is weak." (See Dr. Welling, Moral Philosophy, Lecture IV.) Judge from the following: We were "cut" last year by some unenvious (?) Sophomore who took the chance to oppose us by representing our class as a candle placed upon a bushel, clouded by its own smoke—*i.e.*, self-conceit—with the remark, it might as well be under the bushel.

Let us explain, dear Juniors. That is not self-conceit, but a natural halo which, we are willing to acknowledge, has caused jealousy among the lower classes. It is wise to hide our brilliance a little so as not to dazzle the eager eyes that look forward to the glory of being Seniors. "It might as well be under the bushel." You could not, if you tried, hide our

talents under a bushel—the measure is not large enough to hold the genius of one, to say nothing of the “Collective Intelligence.” No, we will break the truth as gently as possible in the old saying: You can not hold a candle to ours.

The Class of '92 has always been quiet and unobtrusive (don't interrupt, Juniors!) since the time when we first entered Columbian portals. In these days when we hear so much about the Frivolity of Freshmen, the Sinfulness of Sophomores, and the Jollity of Juniors, we indulge in a little pardonable pride in the Superiority of Seniors.

In number we are seven, that digit of perfection; moreover we are well balanced both as to quantity and quality, as evidenced by the fact that four of our number are active and sustaining members of the U. O. S. A. (United Order of the Sons of Adam), while our three maidens are among the fairest legacies of Grandmother Eve. (See Sauerstoff's Unity of the Human Race.)

First among us, we mention our foundation Stone, our class president, the great metaphysician of the future, for he stands on the shoulders of his ancestors and shows the high point to which the human race has evolved. He is a young man of fair mien and blue eyes, who believes that the “dark backward and abysm of time” should be exposed to the “sunlight of publicity.” (See Welling on “Prehistoric History of Primeval Pre-Adamites, Lecture II, p. 5.) He also takes deep interest in the question “Is Marriage a Failure?” and thinks that the best proof will be in the Experimental School. It is he who has begun the discussions on love in the library corner, which discussions have been participated in with exceeding interest by every member of the senior class save one, and *she* is the one who could have given us the most information!

These chats, however, to the great disappointment of our class president, have been often interrupted by the gentle taps of 'Odgkins the Husher (English, you know!).

Behold our vice-president, a bright and studious maid, and quite a humorist, to whom we are indebted for many COLUMBIAD jokes. She revels in the mazes of Astronomy, and believes that no planet can compare with Saturn—fond of moonlight walks, etc. She is much

pressed with college work, and declares that her present studies only serve to open up new fields of learning yet unconquered. She will pursue her studies hereafter in Chicago.

We next pass to our Secretary, Blackford, the scribe of the class. He has a great fund of quiet humor and is so searching in his criticism that we will not draw his pungent wit upon us by offending him in this history. He is always swamped with work, and announces his intention of attending the Columbian Law School. The country will want a learned Chief Justice about 1930.

We now pause to consider Miss Shipman, who, believing that "a *little* learning is a dangerous thing," has drunk deep at the Pierian fount; one who sees no beauty in calculus, but revels in languages ancient and modern, in which she shines as a star of the first magnitude. She is also the prophet of the class, and from observing a few lines in your hand can foretell you a most wonderful future. You should consult her at once. Consultation free. Office—Library Corner. Hours, 11.15–12.15.

The train from Toughington, Md., has just rolled in a half hour late, and out jumps Fugitt, our medical man—not one of the tall and lank variety, but a solid man all around and a strong character generally; a hail fellow well-met, with a ready word for everyone; he aspires to the position of grandfather to all the college and is ever willing to take under his ample wing the new and bewildered pupils, especially those of the fairer sex. We admire his paternal feeling! His talents do not end here; he is the leading spirit in College Athletics, and he "trips the light fantastic toe" into the "wee small hours of the morning," rushing off to college to work Chemistry in his dress suit.

His favorite trinkets number half a dozen rattles; it sounds pleasant, but it gives one the blues on beholding the spinal vertebrae (I don't mean *his*; the bones belong to the Medical School).

We introduce you now to Miss Bradley, a young lady of considerable individuality, to whom Calculus is a "thing of beauty" and Mechanics "a joy forever." She would rather spend a holiday with differentiation than take a tramp with the Waulkenphast Club. She is now at work on a paper entitled The Relation of Greek to Mathematics. She will shortly publish a thesis refuting the ancient belief that Silence is Golden, in

which she distinctly asserts that there is only one place in which silence is fitting, *i. e.*, the Library.

Last but not least is a youth from the sunny South, a strong believer in Southern institutions and Northern maidens. He is destined to be the Spurgeon of America, this Roper of ours; we are proud of him; he has chosen a good field in life and his name enables us to believe that he will be successful in that line. He can not conceive why some people can't conceive that it is possible for a pupil not to be interested in medals. He is the best tempered man we know. He has not been angry for five years—*he* says so, and *he* ought to know—and we want all the rest of the classes in College to imitate him. He will tell you how to practice such heroism if you will accept his cordial invitation to his church in Tennally-town on Sunday afternoons.

You may think our descriptions are overdrawn, but listen:

“Fabor euim, Longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo.”

You shall hear the prophetic utterances of famous men who foresaw that this very class was yet to come.

“With eloquence innate his tongue is arm'd.”—Dryden.

---

“What she wills to do or say  
Is wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.”—Milton.

---

“He is simply the rarest man i' the world.”—Shakespeare.

---

Her “classical reading is great: she can quote  
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.”—Owen Meredith.

---

“My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they taught me.”—Moore.

---

“I am the very pink of courtesy.”—Shakespeare.

"High flights she had, and wit at will,  
And so her tongue lay seldom still;  
For in all visits who but she  
To argue or to repartee?"—*Prior.*

---

"In books a prodigal, they say;  
A living cyclopædia;  
Of histories of church and priest  
A full compendium at least;  
A table talker rich in sense,  
And witty without wit's pretense."—*Cotton Mather.*

---

## R E A S O N S.

If the birds would fly off to a brighter sphere,  
And the stars steer off to a braver blue,  
Would not the world without them seem drear,  
Just as it would without you?

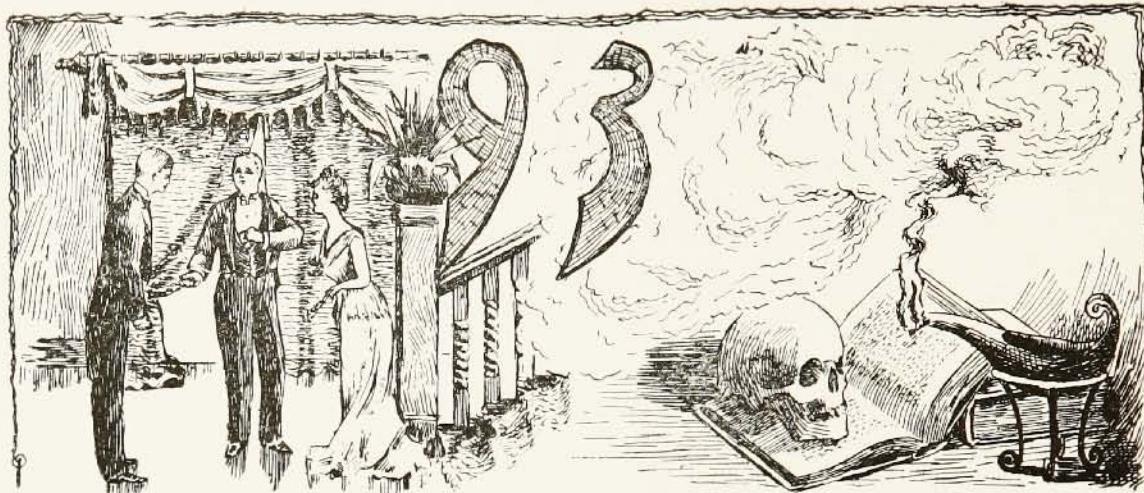
If the songs of the pines were hushed to the ear,  
And the roar and swell of the ocean old  
We never again in this life should hear,  
Wouldn't the world about seem cold?

If the flower-flecked spring should never come back,  
And wild white winter should ever reign,  
Would not the memory of spring's sweet smile  
Leave in the heart a nameless pain?

Shouldn't I care if the flowers should die,  
And the sunlight fade at morning dawn—  
If hooded with gray were the summer sky?  
So I would care if you were gone.

Then take these words to thy happy heart,  
While yet with faith thy youth is fair;  
And may they to thy dear soul impart  
The reasons why I should care!

CATHERINE F. CAVANAGH.



## CLASS OF '93.

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Vice-President,	-	-	MARY CHARLOTTE PRIEST.
Secretary,	-	-	ANDREW YOUNG BRADLEY.

*Color*—Violet.      *Flower*—Violet.

---

The mighty Editor in Chief has demanded twice, thrice, that the Junior history be forthcoming; meanwhile the Junior Editor bites his never-ready fountain pen, tears his ambrosial locks, and searches through the vast treasure house of his brain for bright ideas *de Junioribus*. '*Iow!ow!*' He finds not one, for, although the Class of '93 is a mighty class—a race of intellectual giants and giantesses, before whose powers in wit and learning both Faculty and Freshmen bow low—their career as Juniors has been marked by no thrilling scenes of adventure.

As a class they have engaged in no bloody encounters with the Sophomores, they have refrained from harassing the Seniors, and not yet has the Librarian summoned them before that dread tribunal of the Faculty on the charge of undue talkativeness. But as individuals they have perhaps dared more, for Juniors have been prominent in the wordy combats of Enosis; they have earned the right to the title of "festive" at

those Glee Clubs where nobody sings, and valiantly have they often striven as Knights of the Pigskin and of the Diamond. It is rumored that the Junior Co-Eds. know more of war than do their brothers, and that Amazonian combats have taken place on the third floor which were not entirely bloodless, but, as the Eleusinian rites of antiquity, only the initiated may behold these scenes; and the Junior year has been for the most part a year devoted to the routine of problems in calculus, of translations and grammar, of psychological soul-probings, and of chemical reactions, subjects familiar to all Juniors of all classes. Therefore let not the Senior scorn, nor the Sophomore deride, if they find that the literature of ninety-three is but "an ancient tale, new told."

\* \* \* \* \*

It has already been hinted that the Junior Co-Eds. rank first in war; they also preside in peaceful gatherings; for this year, as last, they have shown themselves graceful and courteous hostesses. In October they gave to the Freshmen a harvest feast, and though any member of the Alliance would tell you that crops ought not to be plucked while they are green, the Co-Eds. of '95 may testify to the contrary—but "that is another story," and more of it anon.

\* \* \* \* \*

One self-regulated privilege the Juniors have assumed most readily, that is, chapel skipping, in which they show an abnormal proficiency. They are most apt in evading the watchful professorial eye, and if by chance they be apprehended, they have on hand a choice supply of plausible excuses of which they will dispose at cut rates to the Sophomores at the end of the year.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

The modest, shrinking violet is the emblematic flower of '93, but if this year the class might also choose a pennant, it would unhesitatingly unfurl to the breeze a "Chemistry Apron." It would be of dark blue denim, honorably scarred with acids, adorned with bows and knots of orange ribbon, and emblazoned on the front with two orange letters, C. C. What those letters signify has puzzled the University. Various guesses

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\* No Freshmen need apply.

have been hazarded, such as "Cautious Chemist," "Columbian College," "Cracker Consumer," "Coquettish Co-Ed., **u. s. w.**, but if you, gentle reader, have invested half a dollar in the COLUMBIAD and are not perusing your neighbor's, the editor is permitted to divulge the secret and confess that those mystic characters stand for nothing more or less prosaic than "Chemistry Class."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, Chemistry Laboratory! How many Junior memories are bound to you and those days when within your dingy, bescribbled walls, '93 filtered and boiled and tested until the air became thick with sulphurous fumes which, rising to the class rooms above, strengthened the belief in the Freshman heart that that dungeon-like stone staircase led down to the infernal regions.

This year the Co-Eds. first invaded the lower laboratory and the dear girls became enthusiastic over those "perfectly lovely reactions;" they joined the boys in singing that touching little quatrain—

"Oh, all ye fellers that have HCl,  
    "And give yer neighbors none,  
    "You shan't have any of my HCl  
        "When your HCl is gone."

They approved the formula that—

"Take of metals the most infusible,  
    "Pound up well and melt in a crucible;  
    "Boil them down and filter off the scum,  
        "A Columbian Chemist is the residuum."

They rediscovered the properties of  $H_2O$  and of  $NH_4HS$ ; they found in analysis metals which were not, and they failed to discover those which were; they assisted at spreads where the cake was the booty of a band of marauders, and the lemonade was made in an evaporating bowl, flavored with acetic (?) acid, and served in beakers; they learned the use of the blow-pipe and of the spectrum; they—in short, they tried all things, and *mirabile dictu*, it was only occasionally that some overzealous experiment ended in disaster, when one heard—ss—*ping-PANG*—a feminine shriek—an answering chorus—acids were widely distributed

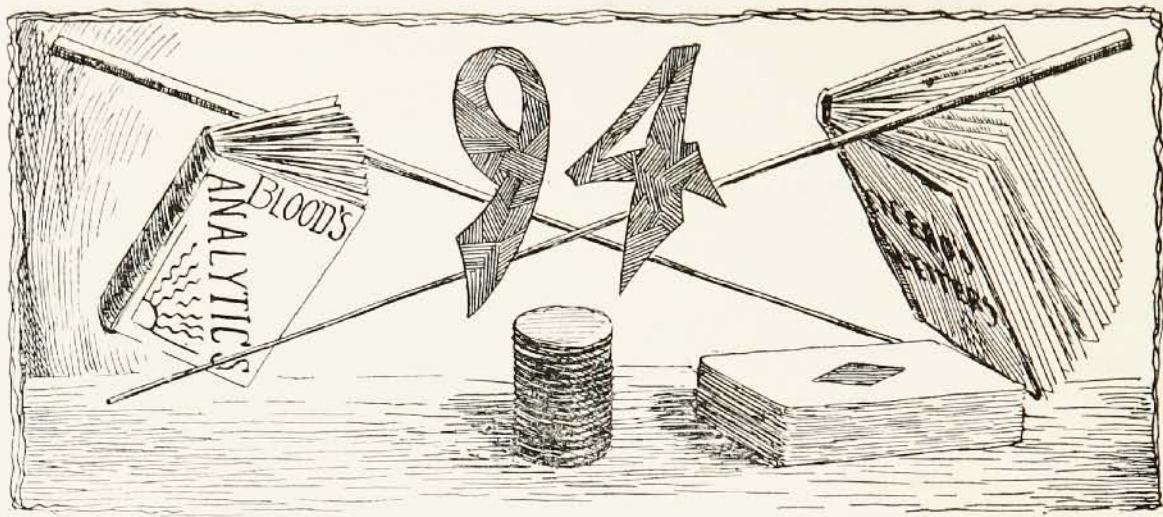
and an injured maiden retired, comforted with applications of  $\text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3$   
and execrations on "those horrid chemicals."

\* \* \* \* \*

But the Juniorship of '93 nears its end ; sorrowfully do we say farewell, and to give it due funeral honors we will bear to its pyre and lay upon the flames, its comrades of the year—Thucidydes and Dr. Porter, the Annals, sweet Hermann and Dorothea, Bug Jargal and Calculus, the Growth of Language, a score of note books—all these and more, and as the fire burns bright, and the pale, blue wraiths of these worthies float up into the June sky, we will dance around the flames singing :

" We are The Class with a great big T ;  
" We are The Class with a great big C ;  
" We are the Class,  
" We are the Class,  
" We are the Class of '93."





### CLASS OF '94.

President,	-	-	GEORGE PETERSON.
Vice-President,	-	-	JOHN ADLEY HULL.
Secretary,	-	-	MORVEN THOMPSON.
Treasurer,	-	-	THORNTON JENKINS PARKER.

*Colors*—White and gold.      *Flower*—Daisy.

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### CLASSIS CARMEN.

**N**umquam fuit bellior classis:  
**I**d est quisque vero fassus.  
**N**on sudore laboramus;  
**E**dientes libros, damus  
**T**empus ad nos oblectandos.  
**Y**o Columbia! noster cantus—  
      Quattuor et Nonaginta!  
**F**ilii multi, filiae Matris  
**O**culis tres suaves atris,  
**U**squ' in vitae mane imus;  
**R**ecte unam vocem scimus:  
      Quattuor et Nonaginta!

## DYING REFLECTIONS

And Last Will and Testament of the Sophomore Class of 1891-1892.

I am the Sophomore Class. For one short winter I have been in that state where I know more than I ever did before or ever shall again, and where the Greek professors like to make disparaging remarks about the etymology of my name.

But soon I am to be no more. Long, long ago, before my spirit transmigrated and when I was the Freshman Class, how imposing and how wise I thought a Sophomore was! Now that I am one—I mean now that I am several—I realize it still more; the Freshmen do not realize it sufficiently this year. I expected to feel old by this time, but I have discovered that it is always other people that grow old. I am always just as old as I am, so how can I be any older?

As I look back upon the one year of my life, I feel that I have not been as large as I might have been; but I have sometimes been noisy enough to make up for the deficiency. I have not always worked as hard as I might have done (that is, some of me have not), but I have had the faculty of turning in my work where it has amounted to the most. I refer chiefly to the foot-ball team. Studying does not seem to have been my forte, but Dr. Shute himself is responsible for the statement that in Logic I am one of the most remarkable classes in his experience, and Dr. Fristoe has gone over his entire range of endearing expressions in an effort to find one applicable to my researches in Chemistry.

But now my career is about to be a thing of the past. Examinations are upon me—the period of which Cicero said: "*Quam ut adipiscantur omnes optant, eandem accusant adepti.*" In a few days it will become my duty to forget the few grains of knowledge which have been loitering around in my brain, and the Sophomore Class of '91-'92 will be among the am-nots. Let me then make my will. Let me leave some tokens of affection to those who will remain after me:

**Know all men by these presents,** That I, the Sophomore Class of '91-'92, being of as sound mind as my nature will admit, and realizing that my end is near, do hereby make my last Will and Testament, leaving its execution as a sacred duty to my friends.

I will, devise, and bequeath—

To the Columbian University, my most priceless treasure, the reputation and memory of my industry, virtue, and scholarliness during the year of my life.

To the Librarian, the consideration of the awful silence which will reign in his dominions when I am not there to maintain sociability. And I request him to obtain a medal in my memory, inscribed with the words:

“Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown.”

To the Class of '95, their heirs and assigns forever, my right of exercising a condescending and abusive superiority to the Freshman Class.

To the Class of '95, likewise, the various and sundry jokes which shall become due the Sophomore Class, at stated intervals. And I do nominate and appoint Prof. J. H. Gore, Ph. D., sole executor of this section of my will.

To the University Library, several newly annotated copies of Isocrates' Panegyricus, the Epistles of Horace, and the De Senectute of Cicero.

To the several members of the College Faculty, with the request that they be bound and preserved as a perennial monument of erudition, the various examination papers which I have presented them throughout the year.

And I futher request that a memorial tablet may be erected to me in a suitable corner of the Bulletin Board (the expense to be met by subscription), containing this selection from a New England tombstone, addressed to the Class of '95:

“Stop, careless Youthe, as you pass bye—  
As you are now so once was I;  
As I am Now so shall you Bee:  
Oh, then prepare to follow Me.”

Done at the Columbian University, in the City of Washington, this 20th day of May, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

(Signed)

SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1891-'92.

Witnesses:

TEMPUS FUGIT, M. D.,  
ROLLING STONE, M. D.,

*Attending Physicians.*

## THAT SERENADE.

It was only another example of the singular ignorance of the Juniors concerning the rules of polite society; only another example of their many breaches. Who in his right mind would entertain Freshmen when the elevating aristocratic society of Sophomores might be obtained? But one word suffices, the perpetrators of this outrageous choice were—the Juniors.

This act was the proverbial straw; the Sophomores realized it was time to act. Many were the grievances that rankled in their hearts, not the least of which were snubs and insults received in their Freshman year, for their college infancy had been one of neglect and injury; no banquets were given them; no "spreads" illuminated their dark pathway. It is true they were bidden to some mysterious orgies, the invitations to which were adorned with a grinning skull and accompanying cross-bones; so realistic were these ornamentations that one of the youngest members promptly went into hysterics, and the others were compelled by humanity to linger by her bedside and were thus unable to attend. Our sacrifice was unappreciated, and we won only scorn and derision. But as every dog has his day, we resolved that it was now time for the poor down-trodden "Sophs." to have some show. Considering the various modes of accomplishing this, by unanimous vote we decided that a serenade was the swiftest and most decisive punishment, for the full-fledged, resonant Sophomore voice at concert pitch is indeed a thing of beauty. However, they maintained a strict secrecy, and allowed events to take their course. The Freshmen, little dears, were quite puffed up over the honor (so they deemed it), and with that expansive smile so indicative of a Freshman, said to the Sophs.: "Don't you wish *you* were invited." But we gave a sinful giggle fraught with deep significance, if they had only known it.

At last the fateful evening came. The Freshmen in best bib and tucker assembled, while the Juniors with their company smile strove to conceal their claws under a soft, gentle exterior. All was going smoothly ; the Freshmen were just becoming accustomed to the savage Junior grin, when—hark ! What sound is that ! It grows louder. Oh ! What can it be ! The Juniors grow pale ; they wonder if they have time to pray ; the Freshmen, with shrieks of anguish calling loudly for “ Mamma,” precipitate themselves under sofas and tables, while outside, swelling upon the evening breeze, with accompaniment of combs, bells, and horns, soar the strains “ I want to be a Freshman.” The Juniors, gradually summoning their courage, issue to the door, the biggest Junior in front, the Freshmen, with tearful eyes, bringing up the rear. Cautiously a Junior head protruded ; a blast of a horn greeted her on one side, a gong on the other, while a strong Sophomore pull landed her out on the front steps where her blood-curdling shrieks aroused the neighborhood ; at this her companions rushed to the rescue ; the contest rages fiercely, and with Juniors to the right of us, Juniors to the left of us, into the scene of festivities we go—at least we could have gone, but not caring to attend such a promiscuous gathering, we adjourned. The dining-room windows were opened ; as we passed by we glanced pityingly at the display ; meagre indeed did it seem to us after the choice banquet we enjoyed that same evening. A large salt cellar ornamented the center of the table, a pitcher of pure, cold Potomac water at one end, a pile of horse-cakes at the other. It is with this spread that those tender Freshmen are to be regaled ! Our hearts were touched.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight ; the city was wrapped in slumber ; one of the Sophomores with her usual diligence was studying ; it was the time that ghostly visitants are supposed to roam around. A familiar sound broke upon her ear ; it was the feline soloist of the neighborhood ; murmuring “ that old cat,” she rushed to the window, grabbing up in her course a pitcher of water ; she emptied the contents ; looking down she saw, not the cat, but the Juniors, thus unwittingly providing them with liquid refreshments. In this achievement, as in all others, victory perched on the banners of the Sophomores.

## Extracts from the Records of the Class of '94.

"The class being called to order, the President stated that the object of the meeting was to select a motto, and invited suggestions. Mr. Ormes proposed "*Ad Astra*." Mr. Lawrence wished to know what it meant. Mr. Ormes stated that he was doubtful; he had made the suggestion because he believed the motto had been adopted by a class in some Eastern college, and he thought it referred to astronomy. It was agreed that, as astronomy is not in the course for the Sophomore year, the quotation was inappropriate. Mr. Thompson then suggested "*Teneo et Teneor*," and of his own accord explained that it signified "I hold and am held." Mr. Hull said he could see no sense in such a motto. What did it refer to? What did Mr. Thompson think the Class of '94 held? If so, why did we hold it? Mr. Hull thought that "*Flunco et Fluncor*," "I flunk and am flunked," would be more suggestive. The President remarked that he believed "*Ich Dien*" was the motto of the Prince of Wales, but as no one present could give the translation it was not discussed. Other suggestions were received, but went over without action on adjournment.

"The vote having been taken on the nominations for Editor of the COLUMBIAD, Mr. Hull's vote was objected to on the ground that the gentleman had voted for the same purpose in the Class of '95. Mr. Hull said he would not deny the charge, but thought that if he was willing to grant the benefits of his presence to two classes, it was certainly no ground for complaint. There were not many who had the same opportunity of distributing themselves to advantage, and who made good use of it. Mr. Hull further explained that when he voted in the Freshman Class he voted as a Freshman—impulsive, hard-hearted, and generally depraved; in the Sophomore Class he put away Freshmanish things, and personally he did not feel that he could be dispensed with in either case. The objection was then laid on the table."

"The committee appointed to purchase a tack-hammer and present the same to the Registrar made the following report:

Your committee met with generous response to the request for contributions, and were enabled to purchase a tack-hammer of a chaste and appropriate design, which was tendered the Registrar through the medium of the District Messenger Co., accompanied by these resolutions :

Whereas, it is a well-known fact that stylographic pens are liable to serious injury through too much constant jarring ; and

Whereas, the pen of our beloved Registrar seems in imminent peril of sustaining such injury, in his efforts to preserve order in the Library ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, members of the class of '94, as a token of our affection for the Registrar and our appreciation of his arduous labors, having contributed our hard-earned mites for this purpose, present him this simple tack-hammer with the request that he make use of it in fulfilling those peculiar duties for which he is so well fitted and in the exercise of which he takes such pleasure.

(N. B.—To prevent too much noise rap on a damp sponge.)

The Committee will add that at this date no acknowledgment of the gift has reached us; but this is doubtless owing to some temporary oversight. Furthermore, we have not seen it put into use, but this may be owing to a determination on the part of the recipient to bring about very gradually those changes which may be expedient in the administration of the Library. At any rate, the Committee, and all who have contributed to this noble purpose, have the soothing assurance that they have done their best ; angels can do no more."

"Mr. Wilson rose to make a parliamentary inquiry, and asked what amicable arrangements could be entered into for escorting the young lady members of the Class to the reception. He pointed out the unequal representation which the two sexes have in '94, and stated that already trouble was brewing and that it was rumored that one member had invited one of the young ladies to accompany him, before others had had opportunity. Such conduct was unfair, and he hoped the Class would see that it was not permitted. Mr. Ormes rose to a question of personal privilege, and stated that if the gentleman referred to him (laughter) he was greatly mistaken, and that he wished no reflections cast on his character. Mr. Hull suggested the appointment of a committee of arbitration before whom all members might come who desired to avoid difficulties in this line. Mr. Edmunds offered to relate how they managed such things in the Glee Club. Mr. Thompson thought this was a case where every man must look out for himself and let a certain celebrated character take the hindmost. Mr. Lawrence wished to know if the gentleman referred to the hindmost young lady. Mr. Thompson replied that he did not ; that there were no hindmost young ladies in '94. The Chair here ruled the discussion out of order, and the matter went over without action."

L. H. F.



## CLASS OF '95.

President,	-	-	GEORGE ROSCOE DAVIS.
Vice-President,	-	-	LUCY MADEIRA.
Secretary,	-	-	ADDIE ESTELLE MAGUIRE.
Treasurer,	-	-	WILLIAM N. REYNOLDS, Jr.

*Colors*—Scarlet and Gray.

*Flower*—Red Carnation.

### CLASS HISTORY.

This youthful class came into existence on the 21st of September, 1891. With what pride, what exultation, like unto that of the youngster who has just put on his first trousers, did we thrust our hands into our pockets and strut around, with the burden of our importance resting heavily upon our shoulders—we were college students! With what contemptuous pity we looked upon our less fortunate fellow-creatures. True, we were only Freshmen, but Freshmen, as we have proved, can do a great deal.

Naturally, as we were the infant class of the college, those mighty lords of creation, the Juniors and Sophomores, considered it part of their mission in this world to teach us to feel our insignificance. Poorly did they succeed. They even quarreled over admitting us to the Glee Club, but very soon found that they could not get along without us. No

wonder! What class can present a greater list of attractions? Among our young gentlemen we have very good specimens of the philosopher, the saint, the beau-ideal, the dude, and "Mamma's Baby." Our young ladies can't be beat. There is the society maiden, the studious damsel, and the goody-goody girl who sings "I want to be an angel." Our class has also made most remarkable progress in science. Among our number is a young man who will some day be a rival of Edison the Great. He has made some wonderful experiments in the wierd science of electricity, and the only obstacle he seems to have met with so far is the fact that his experiments never work. But his talents go farther than this. His ability as a photographer has been tested on many occasions, and he handles his camera like a professional. (Sample photos free.) Another of our number has lately made a reputation for himself by manufacturing a dynamo. Now don't you think our class is enterprising?

The Sophomores have made vain attempts to haze us. We are too much for them. The Co-Eds. of '93 threatened to do something awful to our girls, but ended by giving them a delightful spread, much more befitting their dignity. We early got possession of an illimitable supply of "cheek," which has enabled us to skip Chapel without any twinges of conscience, to converse in the library, to grab all the new magazines before anyone else has a chance at them, and to enter our classes after recitation has begun—excepting, of course, the case of one professor who never admits anyone to the class five minutes late, unless the culprit happens to be the worthy preceptor himself.

On the first day of April Mr. Remey had a caller. It was Miss Maggie Murphy, just arrived from Ireland. You may think it strange that a young lady should so far overstep the bounds of propriety as to call on a gentleman, but pray remember that this is Leap Year. The young host treated his visitor with all due respect, but being suddenly overcome with embarrassment at her silence, he decided to turn her over to Prof. Fristoe, who was a little more experienced in such matters, and would serve her better as a chaperone. But what other young gentleman of the college was ever so honored as this dashing Freshman youth?

Our career as Freshmen is at an end. We have made a reputation,

we have made mistakes, we have made a noise. The wonders with which we are to astound the world during the remainder of our college course are yet to be seen. But just wait—we are coming!

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is the glory of '94? Ask the forsaken corridors of Columbian, which, on the 20th of October, witnessed one of the most hotly contested battles this college has ever known. Ask the blood-stains on the floor, the essence of many a valiant Soph.'s ill-fated patriotism. Yea, though they fought bravely, the class of '95 has nipped their persecutions in the bud and humbled their standard to the dust.

On the day of our class organization the Sophs. *attempted* to lock us in; a fearful conflict, the like of which has ne'er been seen before, was the result; almost instantaneously the two classes were a surging mass of excited savages, bent on each other's extermination. To recount at length the valor of individual heroes, the violent struggle of a certain young Freshman at the effort of eight able-bodied Sophomores to relieve him of a sparse growth of fur on his upper lip, the mighty deeds of the Sophomore heavy-weight and all 'round slugger the intrepid Gr—r, the impassioned address of a gallant Soph., after his class had been beaten, to the effect that they had concluded to leave off, and spare us for fear of shocking the young ladies of our class by shedding more blood—to recount everything, we say, would occupy an ordinary historian a week.

But we can not refrain from mentioning the unhappy fate of their silver-tongued bard, him of the long-hair. Ah, sire, that tawny mane of thine was thy destruction! For while bravely endeavoring to run home for a cane to chastise the frivolous Freshman (not to escape the battle, oh, no, merely to get a weapon), he caught his flowing locks in a projecting gas-fixture in the lower corridor and there hung, past all disentanglement, the sport of a legion of Freshmen braves, who took a deep-souled delight after the fray in torturing his anguished frame. Also of the complicated condition of a certain Mr. Ed—nds' manly limbs owing to an endeavor on the part of two young men of '95 to compel the said gentleman's head to perform an office which rightly belonged to his feet.

But all things have an end, and when we could find no more Sophs. to pitch from the window, brain with chairs, or fling over the bannisters, we betook ourselves down stairs where a member of the faculty "met" us "informally" and among other things told us that we had transformed the college into a beer-garden. We suppose he meant to congratulate us, and taking the will for the deed, we thanked him, but if he had gone back to the warlike days of Rome and compared our achievement to the expulsion of the Tarquins, he might have been more complimentary in his remarks, and made a big hit from a poetical standpoint at the same time.

Looking at it altogether, the career of '95 has been one with which we may well be satisfied; her members have not only successfully resented those ghastly attempts of '94, but have come to prominence in lines of a more peaceful occupation. Our professor of French has "often noticed the correct pronunciation of our class." The young ladies of '95 have been dubbed "too sweet for anything" by the feminine portion of other classes. Mr. R—m—y has conclusively demonstrated his talent for deep, dark scheming, and incidentally a strong inclination for the calling of "Resurrectionists." In short, we are proud of our plucky class; may she ever prosper and live to instruct the late Sophomores in the mysterious art of "hazing."

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### QUIS ET QUAE?

He ridicules and teases her,  
By turns inflames and freezes her,  
For he is quite an expert in all tormenting arts :  
In class he tries her sorely,  
She can not translate surely,  
Amid the ceaseless shower of his sarcastic darts.

And such impudence and spice  
As is his, you'll ne'er find twice ;  
He keeps her in perpetual agitation :  
Yet there's none she likes so well—  
He holds her with a spell,  
Such is for her his boundless fascination.

## ABOUT THE PREP.

As I pick up my pen—upsetting the ink in the act—I can't think for the life of me why the "Prep." ever chose me to struggle with an ink-pot and pen in trying to describe the "doings" of our school, but I won't stay here wasting my breath—but will try to scribble a few lines whose meaning will endeavor to convey an idea of the subject. The "Prep." this year is booming—booming, I say, not bumming—in a manner that causes the "school roun' de corner" to be jealous of our success. The names of one hundred and two boys of Washington's "400" have graced the rolls of this school during the session '91 and '92, and besides we have turned away a few—to be said in a less theatrical style—a few besides. The corps of teachers this year is as bright and genial as ever. Prof. Montague, principal, is as good as could be found anywhere; he is the same person as with goatee and glasses graced the National's boards at the last commencement. Prof. Hodgkins still beats mathematics into the boys' heads, and still dallies with the question, "What is heat?" Prof. Hodgkins still wears a beard, "but not that beard which returned from the spoils of vacation laden with perforated wind (in his own words,  $\frac{W_y}{2x W_2}$ ), but face ornament cropped close, with slight tapering." (Ref., Virgil, Bk. II, lines 274-279.) Witty Prof. Lodge still cracks his favorite jokes, and hurls "*j' aime tu aimes*," etc., at the boys, much to their discomfiture. He, Prof. Lodge, declines Mr. Kitch as *Kitch*, *Katch*, *Kaught*, and holds turbulent colloquies with the boys which result in from one (1) to ten (10) demerits. Prof. Jackson teaches Rhetoric this year, and does it in a style worthy of praise. Prof. Aspinwall has boys great and small, and knows how to keep order. Mr. Randolph slings pen and ink for the school this year, as the former Mr. Starin skipped town to revisit the wild and wooly west. One bright face is missing and is always held in reverence—that of the late Dr. Roome, instructor in Greek.

The "Prep." this term has had a couple of interesting debates and also a remarkable "Mock Trial;" all of these were quite a success, especially the latter, though the prisoner didn't sling a chair at the district attorney and repeat, by heart, Shakesperian verses intended for his "Honor." The Hermesian is still "in the ring," and I hope will always be. It gives two gold medals this year, one for composing and one for debating. The library is all "Wright," and I think it will "Wynne" the approval of all. Mr. Dodge still keeps the demerit book in working order, and Messrs. Riley, Marsh, Copeland, and Herr keep things "dusted" about the building. An improvement has been made—if possible—for the commencement; *id est*, reserved seat tickets have been printed which will prevent a riot in procuring seats. We have a quintet by the name of——which joins the above named quartet in making "Rome howl." Prof. Townsend still poises the boys on Friday afternoons in a manner that means lots at commencement. A cot adorns the library this year on which all may recline at the small price of 5 demerits a piece—very steep, but the boys say "It comes high but we have to have it." Now I will close by getting all the boys together and giving that yell, viz.:

Hi, yi, ki, yi, sis, bum, ba,  
*Prep., Prep., Prep., Prep., rah, rah, rah.*

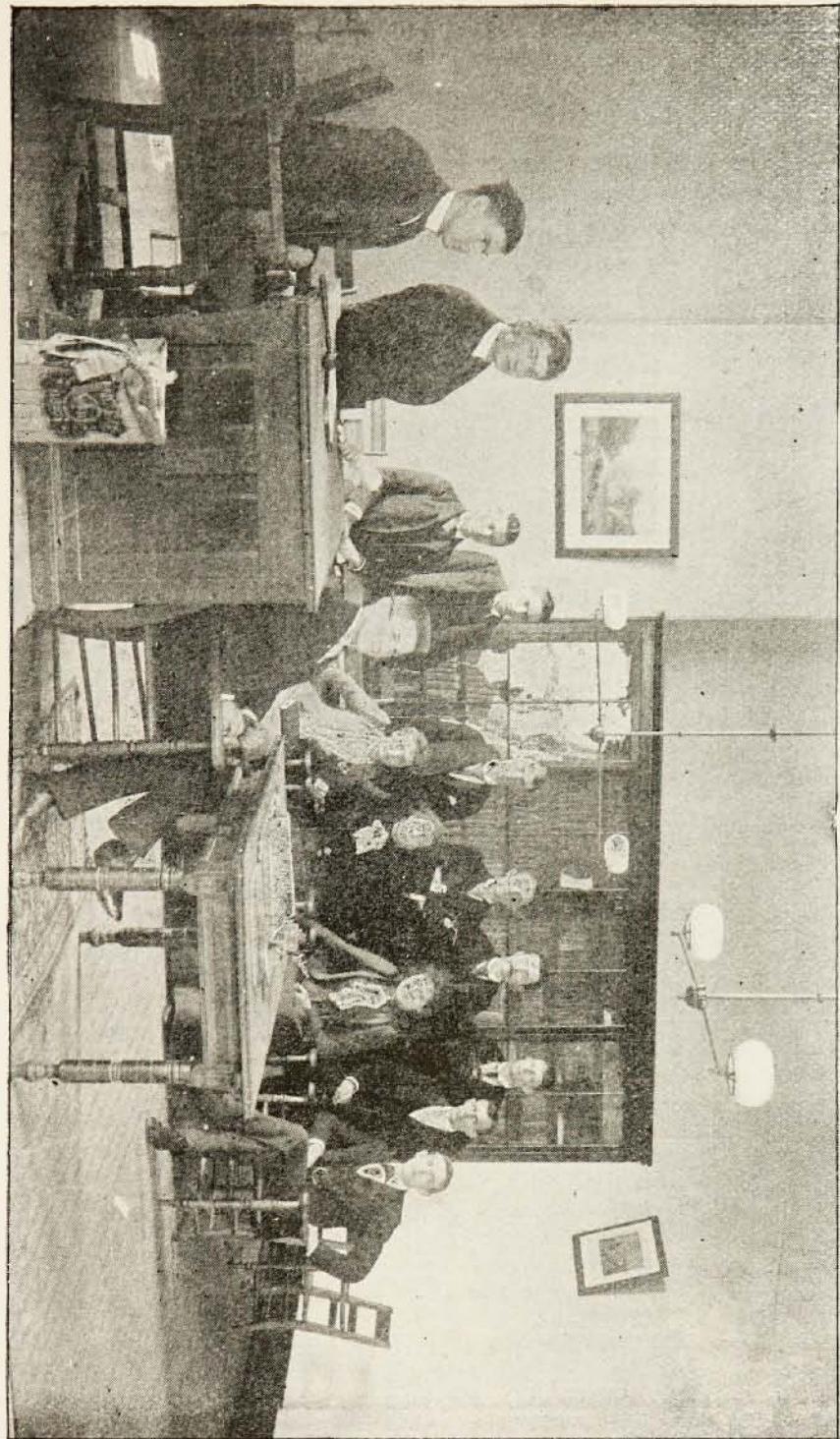
P. F. MARSH.

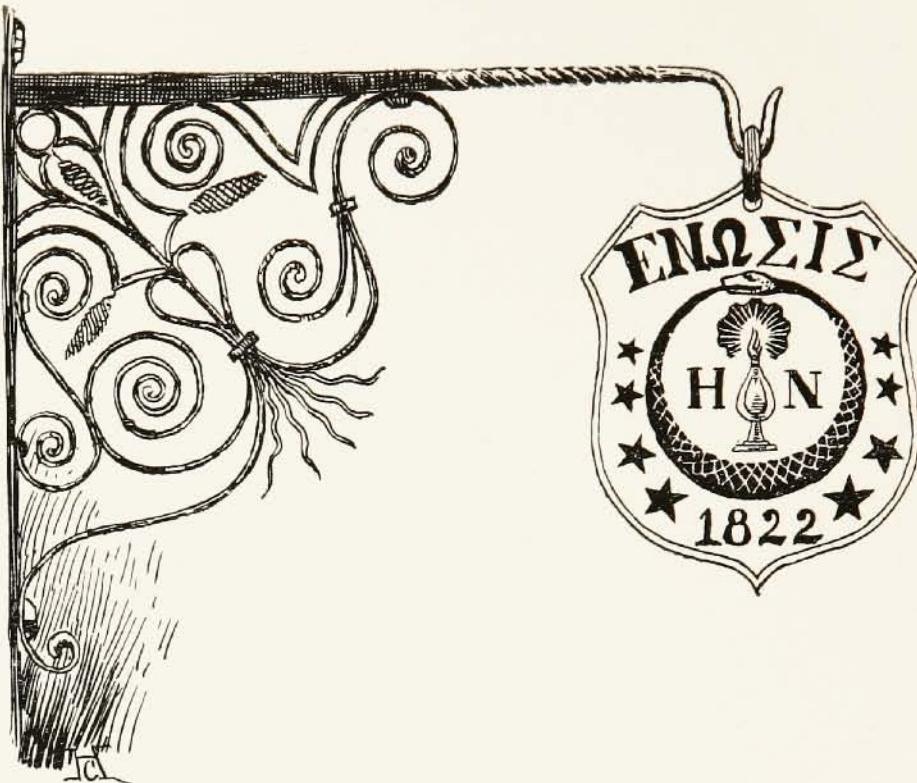
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### AD QUANŁAM.

Auburn hair and azure eyes  
Send through many hearts a thrill.  
Wondrous charm within them lies,  
Auburn hair and azure eyes;  
With eager hopes or mournful sighs  
Many a gallant breast they fill;  
Auburn hair and azure eyes  
Send through many hearts a thrill.

ENOSINIAN HALL.





## Enosian Society,

### OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT,	HARRY DOUGLASS SANDERS, '95
VICE PRESIDENT,	JULIET MAUD DUVALL, '94
SECRETARY,	LILLIAN BLANCHE YOUNG, '94
TREASURER,	JOHN HAMILTON STONE, '92
LIBRARIAN,	HENRY A. POLKINHORN, '95
CRITIC,	BAILEY K. ASHFORD, '94

EDITORS *Bee*: WINTHROP DARIUS GREEN, '95  
S. CARROLL FORD, '93

EDITORS *News*: CHARLES G. COGLEY, '93  
NORMAN HAROLD CAMP, '95  
LILLIAN BLANCHE YOUNG, '94

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN, '94

## Closing Exercises of the Society.

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May 21, 1892.

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1. Calling to Order.
2. Address of Welcome, . . . . . J. HAMILTON STONE, '92
3. Historian, . . . . . BAILEY K. ASHFORD, 95
4. Reading of the "Bee," . . . . .  
*Editor:* JULIET MAUD DUVALL, '94  
*Contributors:* LUCY E. COGLEY, '93  
  JOHN A. HULL, '94  
*Poet:* R. MACDONALD ALDEN, '94
5. Oration, . . . . . CHARLES G. COGLEY, '93
6. Reading of the "News," . . . . .  
*Editor:* LILLIAN B. YOUNG, '94  
*Contributors:* H. D. SANDERS, '95  
  H. A. POLKINHORN, '95  
  WINTHROP D. GREEN, '95
7. Prophecy, . . . . . NORMAN H. CAMP, '95
8. Senior's Farewell, . . . . . WILLIAM R. BLACKFORD, '92
9. Undergraduate's Reply, . . . . . S. CARROLL FORD, '93
10. Announcement of Prizemen.
11. Adjournment.

Medal for Excellence in Debate awarded to BAILEY K. ASHFORD, '95

Medal for Parliamentary Law, . . . . . JNO. HAMILTON STONE, '92

'ENΩΣΙΣ ΝΕΚΡΩΝ.

(Extract from the Enosinian *Bee* of March 11, 1892.)

I sat calmly o'er my papers,  
Underneath the dim gas tapers,  
And reflected rather solemnly upon the next week's BEE :  
Should I write a meditation,  
Or a lengthy dissertation,  
Or enlarge my pencil's orbit and attempt some poetry ?

Should I criticise the critic,  
Or, in language analytic,  
Show how wickedly the churches do the theatres abuse ?  
In short, how could I quickly,  
Without heaping it too thickly,  
Cast a lasting ignominy on the columns of the *News* ?

On the desk were piled my lexicons,  
Some geometric hexagons,  
A chemistry whose atoms are a constant source of dread ;  
There were Greek and Latin theses,  
Some Anglo-Saxon pieces,  
And a Logic whose creator must long since, I hope, be dead.

I had sat so, idly thinking,  
I know not how long, and winking,  
When a sudden, awful moment held me vice-like in my chair ;  
For I knew that just behind me  
There had come to seek and find me  
Some stealthy, unknown beings whose cold breath was on my hair.

Suddenly, at last I turned me,  
And the ghosts plainly discerned me,  
Looking pallidly about me and awaiting their command ;  
They sat in rows before me,  
While the flick'ring gas shone o'er me,  
And at last one bony fellow put a gavel in my hand.

'Twas a melancholy gavel,  
But in sooth deserves no cavil—  
A well-polished human tibia of very shapely build ;  
And I saw a grim recorder,  
Bearing "Robert's Rules of Order,"  
And a parchment which held, doubtless, all the minutes of the Guild.

In modest mental doses  
This uncanny, weird Enosis  
Made me understand that I had been selected to preside.  
I replied, in accents trembling,  
That the honor was o'erwhelming,  
But if they were ready, I was, for whatever might betide.

The recorder read the journal,  
In a manner quite infernal,  
And I heard with some forebodings one grim fact recorded there—  
That, in closing the last session,  
They had formed a long procession,  
And by slow and painful efforts they had eaten up the Chair.

The Grecian aristocracies  
Were talked of by Isocrates,  
Who gave the dissertation, and occupied the floor  
With the Eleusinian mysteries,  
And Peloponnesian histories,  
Till Horace, in the corner, was plainly heard to snore.

He was sternly reprimanded,  
And the reason was demanded  
Why he dared to yield to Somnus during passages so fine ;  
He confessed, with much contrition,  
That Plutonian prohibition  
Had not yet restrained his appetite for Bacchus' Massic wine.

It was Cicero, the Roman,  
(Though you never would have known him),  
Who led off upon the question : Should we skeletons wear clothes ?  
And so warm was the discussion  
That Euclid, with concussion,  
Attacked the vacant station where had been the consul's nose.

My head was fairly dizzy  
When the secretary busy  
Said : " According to our custom, I move now that we prepare  
To form in a procession,  
As at every previous session,  
And massacre and eat the present holder of the chair."

My blood all froze within me,  
As they ground their teeth to skin me,  
But I rose in rage, and pounding with my gavel on the floor,  
Ruled the motion out of order,  
And directed the recorder  
To be seated or to drag his rattling body out the door !

Ah, the gaslight flickered sadly,  
And the wind was roaring madly,  
While the demons in the darkness cried to those that were inside  
And they rattled all the windows,  
And bemoaned like fakir Hindus,  
Dancing madly, dancing wildly, my decision to deride.

Then they dashed upon me boldly—  
My poor nerves shivered coldly,  
But I seized my human gavel and smote a head of bone !  
Then I thought they turned, retreating,  
But still howling and still shrieking—  
Till I sat in the low gaslight and found myself alone.

Long I pondered, with propriety,  
Upon the odd Society  
Whose visit to my chamber seemed the dream of one insane ;  
But the end of my reflection  
Much relieved my great dejection,  
And suggested this solution to my sorely troubled brain ;

We may solve full many a question  
By a reference to digestion,  
And the visit of the spectres is the just reward, I find,  
Of the Enosinian sinner,  
Who neglects his Friday's dinner,  
And depends for his nutrition on the products of the mind.

A .

## UT ITERUM VIDETUR.

[Extract from the Enosinian *News*, of May 6, 1892.]

The "cold, black clouds" of a winter evening were fast darkening the sky; a lamp flickered here and there through the deepening dusk, and the cry of the news-boy might have been heard rising above the busy hum of city life, when two young men with quick gait passed down Fifteenth street of the capital city, and paused in front of a large brick building with terra cotta trimmings.

"Same as ever," spoke S——. "Let's enter." The sharp scrape of our boots sounded dismally along the corridors, while from the adjoining library came no sound save the echo of our footsteps. "Deserted as a vacuum, and the old year fast spinning away," remarked my companion; as there appears to be no visible prohibition to our exploring more, we migrate in extenso.

Our tour commenced. Here we had learned that never-to-be forgotten definition of science, and the fact that certain fundamental metaphysical conceptions *must* be assumed as true, in order that what we *know* may be known as true. Here how to fail over the evolute of the hypocycloid, or draw a sigh of relief as an obstinate answer finally "shook out." Behold the gaseous province of chemistry where the tingling sting of a drop of strong acid had oft admonished the heedless one of more care. These and similar expressions found vent as door after door was passed and the reminders of past efforts once more beheld. But one room remained untried; the door yielded to the push, as fortune or the janitor would have it, and Enosinian Hall lay before us. In undimmed outline rose before each the bright picture of Enosis of '92; there sat the black-haired president whose gavel oft tried to split the table; here the Diogenes of the society was upholding in slow, impressive words the principles of General Booth; by the far table three young ladies were listening to the polemic with one ear and to somebody else with the other; reclining at graceful ease in his chair sat the orator, apparently absorbed in the facts that were being propounded; with eager mien and quick attention the coming M. D. was on the lookout for a point of order; near him sat our

wit, who upon occasions when the president announced that a certain motion would *lay* on the table had innocently inquired, *what* it would lay on the table, only to be forthwith admonished to sit down; gathered around the tables or standing by the windows were other familiar faces imbibing the beneficial play of mind upon mind; ever and anon could be heard the scratch of the secretary's pen or the half-uttered comment of a dissenting voice; scattered in graceful confusion upon the tables lay those two bitter enemies, *Bee* and *News*. Vividly could be recalled the sharp, pungent utterances which were wont to bristle "like quills upon the fretful porpentine" at every Friday afternoon competition. The gavel has fallen and the speaker has yielded to his opponent, whose free-flowing, selected words are rounded in strength, and germane to the question. As in a dream, the session passes before our "mind's eye;" the customary dispute over the bulletin, unfinished business, new business, and adjournment. From its position above the president's desk, the shield—emblem of strength—last greets our lingering look as the door is closed. As before, solitude reigns supreme o'er corridors and stairs; the dusky shadow of a passer by is silhouetted on the wall; not even the Egyptian mummy appears to give welcome to his former friends, and as the entrance door shuts behind us with its escape of whizzing air the uttered thought of one is the silent meditation of the other:

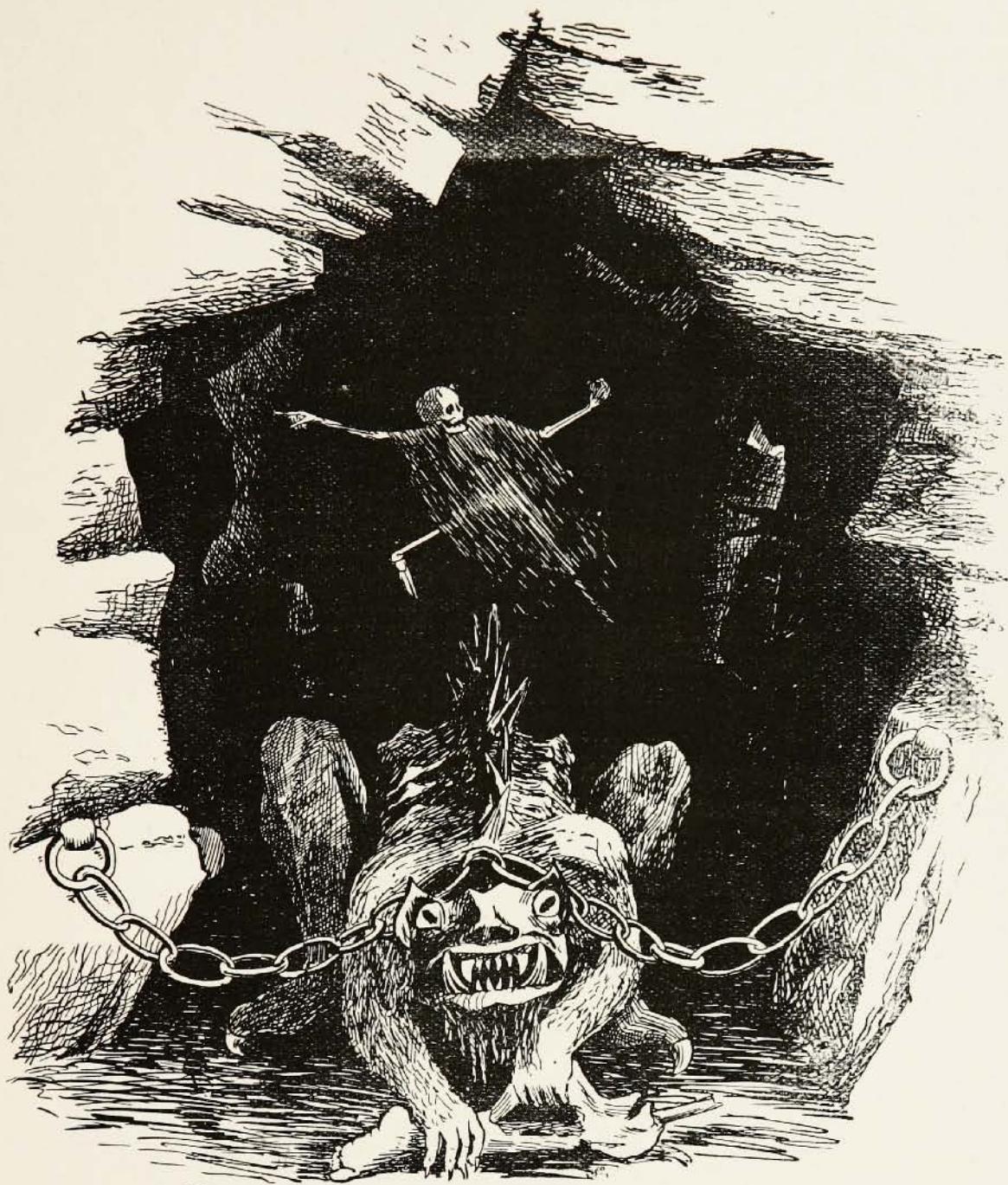
"Sweet scenes of youthful bliss unknown to pain !  
I come to trace your soothing haunts again.  
To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime,  
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time."

F.

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### CAESAR PRESENTED.

Mr. C. M. Remey of Iowa, who is taking an Academic Course in our College, has presented one of his busts of Cæsar to the Enosinian Society. The bust now stands upon a fine pedestal in front of orange and blue draperies, and will be a reminder for subsequent classes of Mr. Remey's great ability in the sculptor's art.



OUR FRATERNITIES.

# Phi Kappa Psi.

*Colors*—LAVENDER AND PINK.

*Journal*—“THE SHIELD.”

## ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Pennsylvania Alpha,	...	...	...	Washington and Jefferson College.
Pennsylvania Beta,	...	...	...	Allegheny College.
Pennsylvania Gamma,	...	...	...	Bucknell University.
Pennsylvania Epsilon,	...	...	...	Pennsylvania College.
Pennsylvania Zeta,	...	...	...	Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Eta,	...	...	...	Franklin and Marshall College.
Pennsylvania Theta,	...	...	...	Lafayette College.
Pennsylvania Iota,	...	...	...	University of Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania Kappa,	...	...	...	Swarthmore College.
New York Alpha,	...	...	...	Cornell University.
New York Beta,	...	...	...	Syracuse University.
New York Delta,	...	...	...	Hobart College.
New York Epsilon,	...	...	...	Colgate University.
Virginia Alpha,	...	...	...	University of Virginia.
Virginia Beta,	...	...	...	Washington and Lee University
Virginia Gamma,	...	...	...	Hampden-Sidney College.
West Virginia Alpha,	...	...	...	University of West Virginia.
Maryland Alpha,	...	...	...	Johns Hopkins University.
District of Columbia Alpha,	...	...	...	Columbian University.
South Carolina Alpha,	...	...	...	South Carolina College.
Mississippi Alpha,	...	...	...	University of Mississippi.
Ohio Alpha,	...	...	...	Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio Beta,	...	...	...	Wittenberg College.
Ohio Gamma,	...	...	...	Wooster University.
Ohio Delta,	...	...	...	State University.



Drexel, Philadelphia



Indiana Alpha,	... ... ...	De Pauw University.
Indiana Beta,	... ... ...	State University.
Indiana Gamma,	... ... ...	Wabash College.
Illinois Alpha,	... ... ...	Northwestern University.
Michigan Alpha,	... ... ...	State University.
Wisconsin Alpha,	... ... ...	State University.
Wisconsin Gamma,	... ... ...	Beloit College.
Iowa Alpha,	... ... ...	State University.
Minnesota Beta,	... ... ...	State University.
Kansas Alpha,	... ... ...	State University.
California Alpha,	... ... ...	University of Pacific.
California Beta,	... ... ...	Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

#### **ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.**

Pittsburgh Alumni Association.  
 New York Alumni Association.  
 Philadelphia Alumni Association.  
 Maryland Alumni Association.  
 Cincinnati Alumni Association.  
 Springfield Alumni Association.  
 Cleveland Alumni Association.  
 Chicago Alumni Association.  
 Twin-City Alumni Association.  
 Washington Alumni Association.

## Active Members D. C. Alpha Chapter.

1892.

ERNEST G. THOMPSON,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
WILLIAM H. WILSON,	:	West Virginia,	:	'92 Law.
ALLAN J. HOUGHTON,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
MILO H. SUTLIFF,	:	Ohio,	:	'93 Medical.
CLARENCE W. DEKNIGHT,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
JOHN H. RINDLAUB,	:	Wisconsin,	:	'93 Medical.
JOHN A. HULL,	:	Iowa,	:	'94 College.
ARTHUR E. H. MIDDLETON,	:	South Carolina,	:	'92 Law.
EDWARD G. NILES,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
RALPH WORMELE,	:	Maine,	:	'92 Law.
WALTER W. DAVIS,	:	Kansas,	:	'92 Law.
GEORGE C. AUKAM,	:	New York,	:	'92 Law.
HOWARD P. OKIE,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
J. CLARENCE PRICE,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
ERNEST H. FAIRBANKS,	:	Massachusetts,	:	'92 Law.
MELVILLE D. HENSEY,	:	District of Columbia,	:	'92 Law.
CORNELIUS A. HARPER,	:	Wisconsin,	:	'93 Medical.
W. ASHBY FRANKLAND,	:	Virginia,	:	'94 Medical.
CHARLES C. JONES,	:	West Virginia,	:	'94 Corcoran.

# Pi Beta Phi.

1867.

Colors—WINE AND BLUE.

Journal—"THE ARROW."

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## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Illinois Beta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Lombard University.
Illinois Delta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Knox College.
Iowa Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Iowa Wesleyan University.
Iowa Beta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Simpson College.
Iowa Gamma,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Iowa Agricultural College.
Iowa Zeta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	State University of Iowa.
Kansas Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	State University of Kansas.
Colorado Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	State University of Colorado.
Colorado Beta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Denver University.
Indiana Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Franklin College.
Columbia Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Columbian University.
Ohio Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Ohio University.
Michigan Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Hillsdale College.
Michigan Beta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	University of Michigan.
Minnesota Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	University of Minnesota.
Louisiana Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Tulane University Annex.
Iowa Eta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Associate Alumnae.
Iowa Theta,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Associate Alumnae.
Nebraska Alpha,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Associate Alumnae.
Iowa Iota,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Alumnae.
Iowa Kappa,	...	...	...	...	...	...	Alumnae.

# Pi Beta Phi.

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COLUMBIA ALPHA, APRIL 27, 1889

*In Universitate.*

ANNA S. HAZELTON.

EDNA CLARK.

CORA E. DILL.

FLORENCE SHIPMAN.

ADDIE MAGUIRE.

CLARA CREW.

*In Urbe.*

EMMA HARPER TURNER,

Grand President Pi Beta Phi.

PHEBE R. NORRIS, M. D. AUGUSTA M. PETTIGREW, M. D.

LILLIE S. HAZELTON. SALLIE F. SPARKS.



### TRIUMVIRATE CLUB.

Motto—Quid ages.

Yell.

Colors—Purple and White.

Rah, Rah, Rah—Rer, Rer, Rer—Sumus Populus—Tri-um-vir.

#### OFFICERS:

Triumvir Primus—SGHDAA.

Triumvir Secundus—RUASNI.

Triumvir Tertius—I.YHDE.

Aerarii Praefectus—ETVSRII.

Rector Capri—OXNFUSBEQ.

#### DEGREES:

Maxiuni Diaboli.

XCIV.

In collegio.

HHNHYH.

ANTITUTT.

AAIMANH.

EHAIWMR.

In scientia.

AAWCAGR.

Diaboli Adjutors.

XCV.

In collegio.

SRARTENHE.

TRANEWHR.

NEAGMRR.

HENHWWI.

In scientia.

OOHARNRVR.

ANSCAIW.

Custodes Cadaveris.

WHGMWE.

WEEHMRONW.

#### HONORARY MEMBERS:

P. O. Naso.

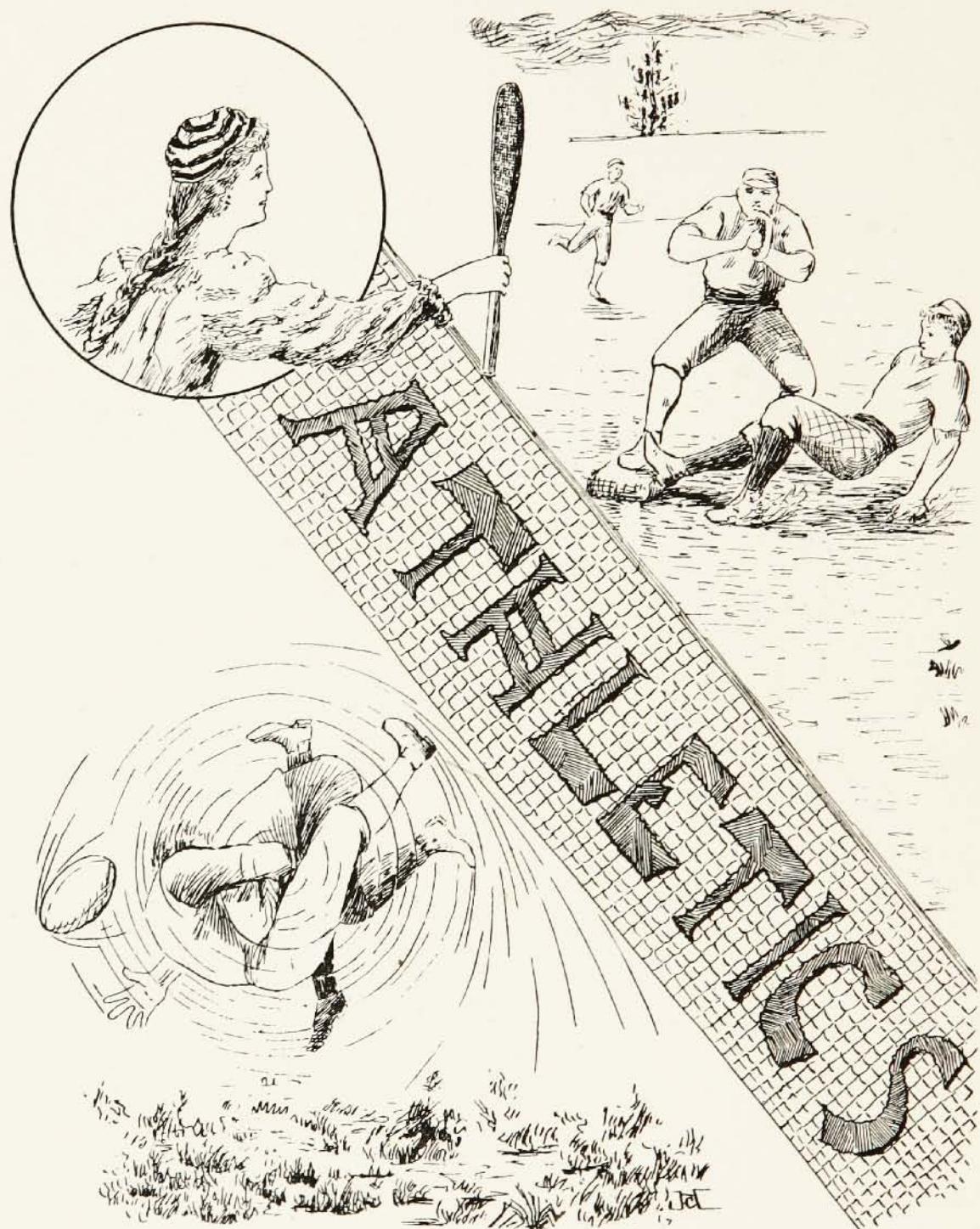
L. H. Flaceus.

T. Livius.

J. B. Socrates.

#### HONORARY JANITOR:

C. J. Cæsar.



## FOOT BALL TEAM.

Centre Rush, WILL CHURCH.	Right End, DAVID WEAVER.
Right Guard, ANDREW TALLMADGE.	Left End, N. EVANS FUGITT.
Left Guard, W. H. LEWIS.	Quarter Back, HENRY R. PYNE.
Right Tackle, GEORGE PETERSON.	Right Half Back, L. LEE HARBAN.
Left Tackle, JOHN A. HULL.	Left Half Back, FITZHUGH BENNETT.
	Full Back, J. MACFARLAND.
CAMP.	Substitutes, MASON.

## BASE BALL.

At last a Base Ball Team has been organized at the college, with Mr. N. Evans Fugitt as Captain and Manager. The team promises well, though organized too late in the season to be able to play many games. The schedule had not been finally arranged when this paper went to press, but we understand that about half a dozen games are expected to be played.

### "VARSITY" TEAM.

Peterson, c.  
Hagner, cf. and c.  
Jones, F., c.  
Jones, E., p.  
O'Leary, rf. and p.  
Bunn, p.  
Ogle, p.  
Fugitt, 1b.  
Burch, 2b.  
Allan, 3b.  
Young, lf.  
Pomeroy, ss.  
Pyne, rf.

### MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASS TEAMS.

'94.	'93.
Hagner, c.	Jones (Capt.), c.
Bunn, p.	Harper, p.
Fugitt (Capt.), 1b.	Ketcham, 1b.
Burch, 2b.	Howard, 2b.
Young, 3b.	Buck, 3b.
Hopkins, ss.	Young, ss.
Kinnan, lf.	Weaver, lf.
Elliott, cf.	Porter, cf.
Gue, rf.	Seibert, rf.

## ORANGE VERSUS BLUE.

Did you see those two holiday games, when Tempus, Pine-knots, the Camper, and other distinguished foot-ballists of antique sobriquets, flew, fell, and felled with that decisive quickness like unto Puck of legendary lore? When the girls waved their ribbons and tongues for the fortunate youths who made the telling runs, touchdowns, or tackles, and the audience moved and was moved by the vigor of the contest? If you missed it, then turkey didn't have the proper taste next day, and somehow the dessert must have appeared not "up to the usual figure." Though the respective teams in both games were different, yet orange carried off the palm upon each occasion. This was due in part, no doubt, to the preponderating number of bright streamers that fluttered along the sides of the field. However, to be honest, it is fortunate that Columbian's reputation is not founded upon a foot-ball record, for though creditable in some respects, the games were sadly deficient in the true scientific play, which is the life of foot ball. The sheepskin needs cultivation.

## TENNIS CLUB.

President, MARY V. FENWICK.

Treasurer, M. CHARLOTTE PRIEST.

Secretary, F. ESTELLE THROCKMORTON.

## THE PEDESTRIAN CLUB.

President, W. N. REYNOLDS, JR.

Vice-President, LUCY E. COGLEY.

Secretary, BAILEY K. ASHFORD.

### BICYCLE CLUB.

President, Prof. H. L. HODGKINS.

Vice-President, A. Y. BRADLEY, '93.

Secretary, W. R. BLACKFORD, '92.

Treasurer, B. K. ASHFORD, '95.

### ROAD OFFICERS.

Captain, W. W. GRIER, '94.

Lieutenant, A. Y. BRADLEY, '93.

Bugler, WM. REYNOLDS, '95.

Standard Bearer, JOHN A. HULL, '94.

### THE GLEE CLUB (?) OFFICERS.

President.....MARY C. PRIEST.

Vice-President.....HENRY R. PYNE.

Secretary.....GEORGE L. EDMUNDS.

### THE REFRESHMENT CLUB.

"*Relief after Exhaustion.*"—Century Die.

Organized September 23, 1891.

Luncheon served on Tuesdays and Fridays from 1.15 to 4.10 p. m.

#### MEMBERS:

Grand Mistress of Appetite,

LUCIFER.

DIVY.

MARY JANE.

JAKIE.

BILL.

#### HEAD CATERERS:

LITTLE SALLY ANNE.

PRIESTIE.

Assisted on High Feast days by

WELCKER'S, WORMLEY'S, AND THE SHOREHAM.



#### BANJO CLUB.

SAM'L N. POND, L. S., Leader.

##### BANJOS.

WM. F. MATTINGLY, Jr., '96. ANDREW BRADLEY, '92.  
SAM'L N. POND, L. S.

##### BANJEAURINE.

WM. F. MATTINGLY, Jr., '96.

##### GUITARS.

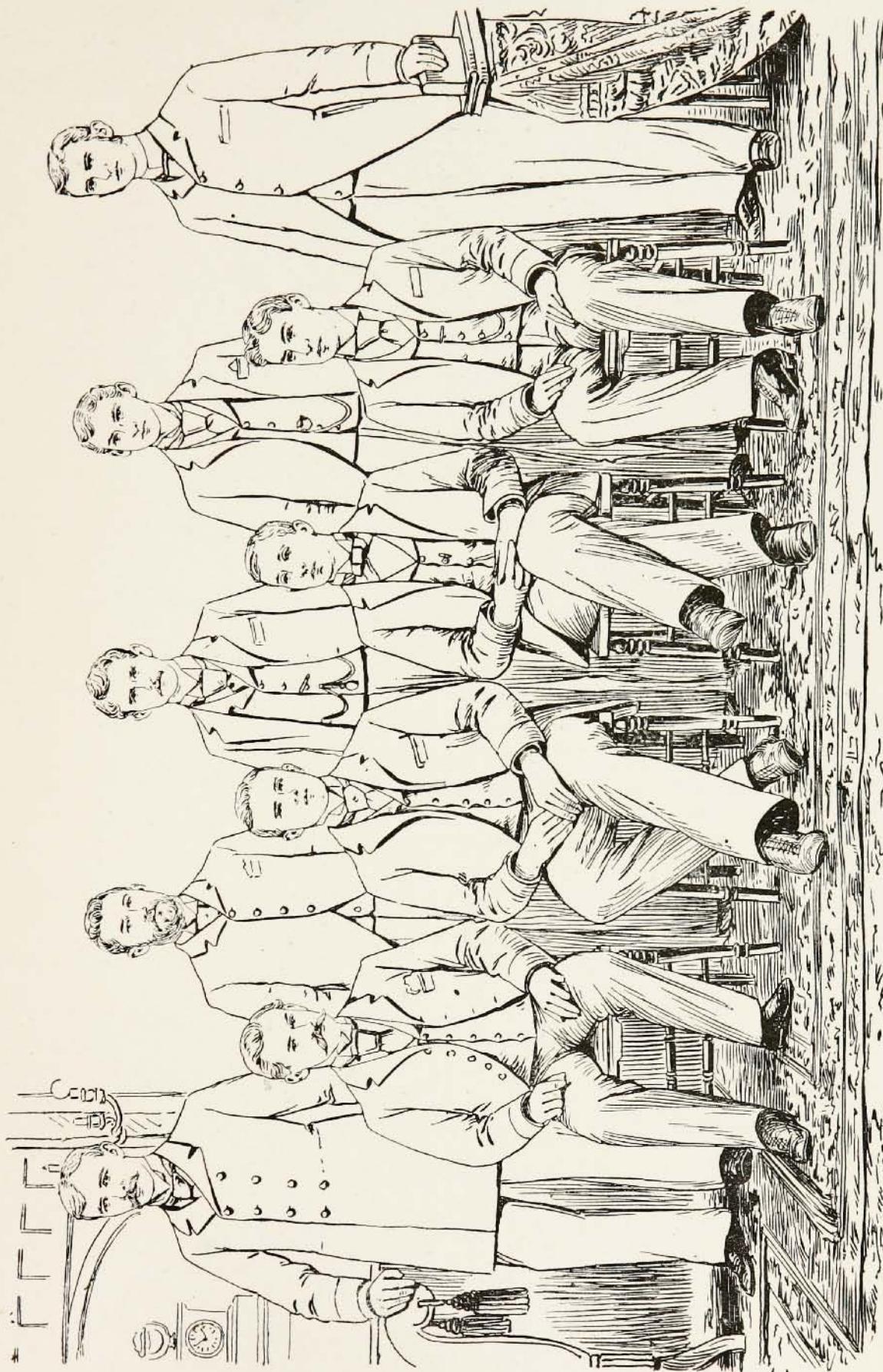
H. A. MAY, Med. S. B. H. TAYLOR, L. S. W. D. MACLEAN, L. S.

##### MANDOLIN.

H. E. CROOK (Special).

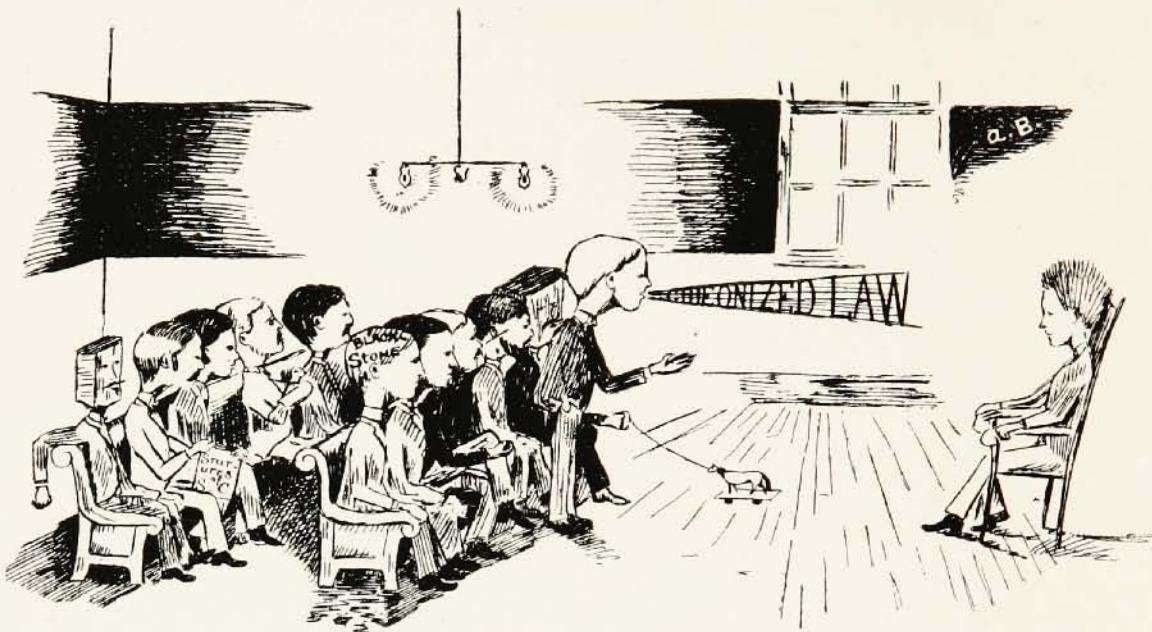
#### THE A. C. QUARTETTE.

E. R. CONNOR,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Tenor.
B. M. BOYKIN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Tenor.
J. S. CARMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Bass.
H. H. HAWLING,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Bass.



Beginning at left standing: 1. D. Higgins. 2. F. D. Yates. 3. E. Hilton Jackson. 4. B. K. Peter. 5. Frederick Lawyer.  
Beginning at left seated: 1. C. J. Groseclose. 2. C. N. Anderson. 3. W. B. Coe. 4. M. A. Ryan.

**QUIZ CLUB.**



### THE TWELVE WISE MEN.

(An organization of Junior Law Students, formed for the purpose of rectifying the mistakes of Blackstone.)

PRESIDENT:

CHRISTIAN A. TINGWOLD, Minn.

MEMBERS:

PAUL T. GADSDEN, S. C.	H. M. GUNDERSON, Wis.
CHARLES D. GEDDES, Minn.	RICHARD A. FORD, S. C.
W. G. GIDEON, Missouri.	J. GARLAND POLLARD, Va.
HORACE D. GOODALE, N. Y.	EUGENE RHODES, Kan.
O. W. GOODWIN, D. C.	BERNARD H. TAYLOR, Ill.
J. T. MACEY, N. Y.	

## LAW SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

President, H. L. SWEET.

Vice-President, H. F. GRIFFIN.

Treasurer, C. A. TINGWOLD.

Secretary, W. G. GIDEON.

### CHAIRMAN OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

E. A. FROST.

### MEMBERS:

A. L. JACKSON.      C. D. GEDDES.      VICTOR WALLACE.

C. F. CONSOL.

The class for prize debate is as follows:

SUBJECT: *Resolved*, That it would be wise public policy for this country to adopt a national system of compulsory education.

### Affirmative:

H. S. McKNIGHT.

W. G. GIDEON.

R. E. WOODS.

### Negative:

E. HILTON JACKSON.

P. T. GADSDEN.

H. F. GRIFFIN.

## THE COLUMBIAN ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Organized December, 1891.

President, FRANCIS R. FAVA, C. E.

Vice-President, F. L. AVERY, C. E.

Secretary, E. C. RUEBSAM.

Treasurer, C. C. JONES.

Librarian, E. G. STEWARD, C. E.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE COLUMBIAN  
UNIVERSITY.

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OFFICERS 1891-'92.

President:  
THEO. W. NOYES.

Vice-Presidents:  
J. HOLDSWORTH GORDON.      C. W. FRANZONI, M. D.

Secretary:  
PROF. H. L. HODGKINS.

Treasurer:  
JOHN B. LARNER, Esq.

“THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN PLUS.”

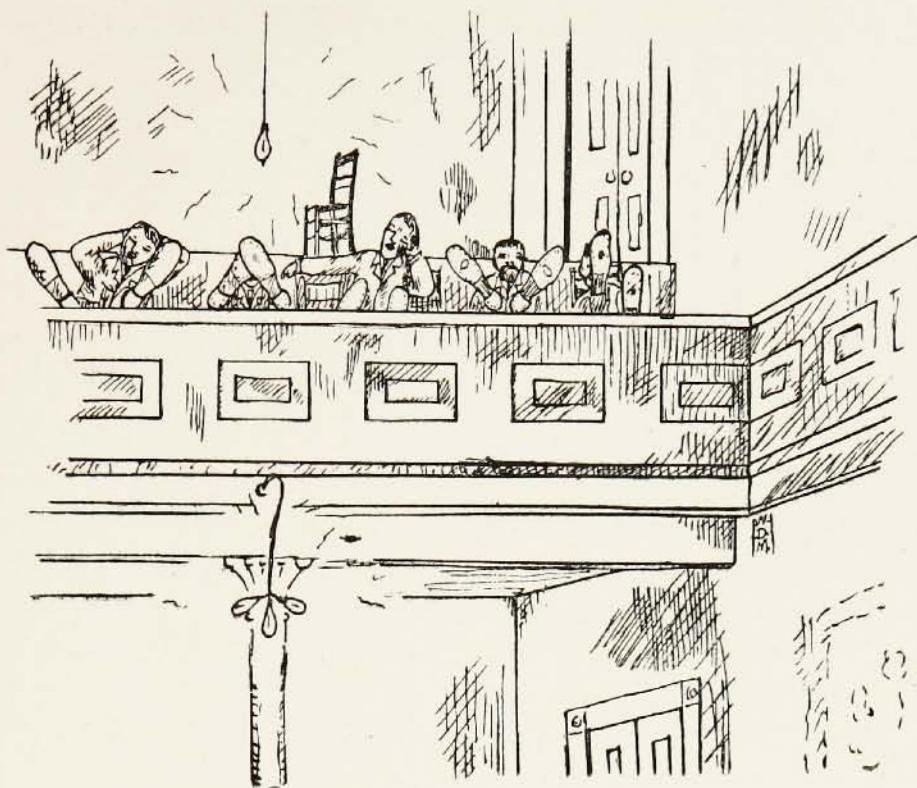
1892.

President, NINA DUNCAN BRADLEY, '92.

Vice-President, MARY CHARLOTTE PRIEST, '93.

Secretary, LILLIAN BLANCHE YOUNG, '94.

Treasurer, CLARA ALMA CREW, '95.



## GALLERY GODS.

We have often wondered at the amount of noise issuing from the upper region of our lecture hall in response to the many bright remarks of the Professors, or in recognition of some very good or very poor recitation.

The young ladies, who sometimes frequent the "peanut," as it is vulgarly called, can not be held responsible for the racket because it has occurred during their absence; yes, and what is more awful, it has happened during their presence. We have for a long time suspected that these elephantine demonstrations were generated by those beings otherwise known as the gallery gods, and our suspicions have proved correct.

The subject of our lecture one night was "Wills," and when those of a noncupative character were being discussed, Judge Cox likened the dying declaration to a death-bed repentance, *i. e.*, to take effect on death only. The gallery immediately trembled, amid a deafening din and a

cloud of dust; a panic was about to ensue in the pit, but after a while the walls ceased to echo, and the strong draught through the hall carried away the dust. No earthquake had occurred, but only a pedal demonstration, stimulated by the point of the joke, had come to pass. Things went on quietly for the rest of the hour. Indeed, everything was so tranquil that, one after another, the students slipped down in their chairs in the usual manner and went to sleep. The gentlemen of the Law School do not snore when they sleep, but often breathe very hard. When this became general, I opened my eyes, looked up and beheld the gigantic means by which jocular appreciation had been manifest. There in a line, almost excluding their owners, were feet, and feet of leather. Some idea can be formed of their size when I say that one of Dr. Welling's pet words might easily have been written across one of those colossal soles. It was a stupendous sight! No more imposing spectacle would be beheld, were the feet of the Sphinx itself excavated from Sahara's shifting sand. \* \* \*

The lecture ended, and amid the bustle all awoke, and the feet were lowered to their proper altitude, but the cause of so much noise in the gallery was forever explained, and now is a mystery no more.

W. D. M.

---

Why doth the little busy Fresh,  
Elude the frowning Soph.?  
And likewise leave a vacancy  
Whene'er he sees a Prof.?

Because he knows his wicked thoughts  
Are as th' unnumbered sands;  
And Satan finds some mischief still  
For Freshmen's idle hands.

S.

## **Dr. A. J. Huntington.**

Dr. Adoniram Judson Huntington, the professor of Greek in this University, was born in Braintree, Vermont, a town where his father, a native of Connecticut, was nearly thirty years a clergyman. When Dr. Huntington reached the age when one begins to make a selection of college, it was decided that he should go to New York, especially since he had there some near relatives. Accordingly, in 1838, he entered Columbia College and during his freshman year gained the second place in his class, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, so distinguished in Congress, having obtained the highest honor. However, Dr. Huntington left Columbia College at the end of his first year and spent his Sophomore and part of his Junior year in Brown University. While there he became a member of the Greek letter fraternity, Psi Upsilon, but in the latter part of his Junior course, his health having failed, he gave up collegiate work for a time and went as a teacher to Middlesex Co., Va., where he first met Miss Bettie Christian, whom he married June 6, 1844.

During the many years that Mrs. Huntington spent as an invalid, she was cherished with a tender devotion, worthy of her loving and lovable nature, which renders her sick-room so bright and cheerful. In the summer of 1889, in Charleston, West Va., Mrs. Huntington died, leaving an only child, a daughter, who is married to the Hon. W. L. Wilson, and is the mother of four sons and two daughters.

When Dr. Huntington left Brown University to recover his health in the sunnier atmosphere of Virginia, it was with the intention of returning to complete his course there, but finding the southern climate so much better suited to his still delicate constitution, he concluded to take his degree from the Columbian University, among whose alumni he has an honored place.

Immediately following his graduation in 1843, he accepted a position of assistant professor in the College, and three years later was elected to the Chair of Greek and Latin, both of which he has taught with equal ability, though his preference has always been for the Greek language, to which he has devoted his best talents and energy.

A few years ago Dr. A. P. Montague, for some years before assistant

professor in Latin, having been elected professor, relieved Dr. Huntington of his duties in this department, thus enabling him to give his time more exclusively to the study of his choice.

From the time of his appointment in 1846 until the present, Dr. Huntington has been actively engaged in the study and teaching of Greek, with the exception of ten years. These he spent at different intervals in the Baptist ministry, to which he had been ordained in 1848.

From 1860 to 1865 he was located as pastor of a church in Augusta, Georgia. His health, however, never robust, could not stand the fatigues of this calling and repeatedly he was forced to abandon work in this field.

In the years '67-'68, sixteen months were passed in traveling through Europe where Dr. Huntington made stays in Heidelberg and Greece.

In the latter place he made a careful study of modern Greek, as far as the limited time allowed, chiefly with a view to a deeper comprehension of the ancient language, besides being interested in the great differences between the two.

While abroad the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Brown University.

It is rather difficult in so short a space to do justice to the life of one who deserves so much more than this passing mention.

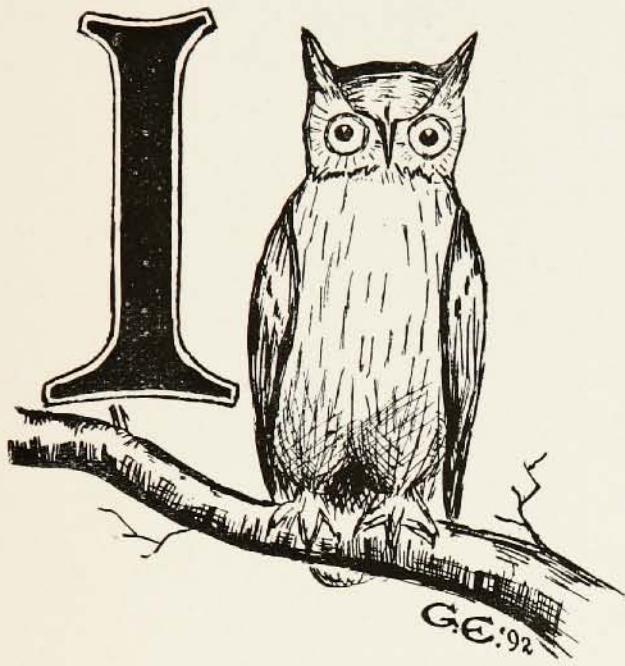
To his colleagues and students, as well as to those who are favored with his friendship, there is no need to speak of his noble character; it is not necessary to say that no one ever heard him speak an unkind word, however great the provocation; needless to remind that he is ever kind, sympathetic, always ready to assist, and never failing in generosity and forgiveness; that in short he possesses all the characteristics which mark a true and conscientious Christian.

For the intellectual side of his nature we may say that his modesty alone has kept our professor from appearing before the world as the authority on Greek he so deserves to be considered.

In thinking of him, honored and respected by his colleagues and his students and beloved by all who know or have ever known him, no words come more aptly to our minds than the concise but comprehensive phrase in his favorite language—

*Kαλος Καγα Θωζ.*

## PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY.



WAS walking in the wood, quite late one  
night;  
The katy-dids were singing, and the stars  
shone bright;  
While just above my head on the branch of  
a tree,  
Sat a comical old owl, as gray as could be.

He looked a trifle lonely, but his manner was  
gay,  
And he seemed to be chuckling in an owlish  
sort of way;  
One eye was shut, but the other round eye  
Winked at me very jollily as I came by.

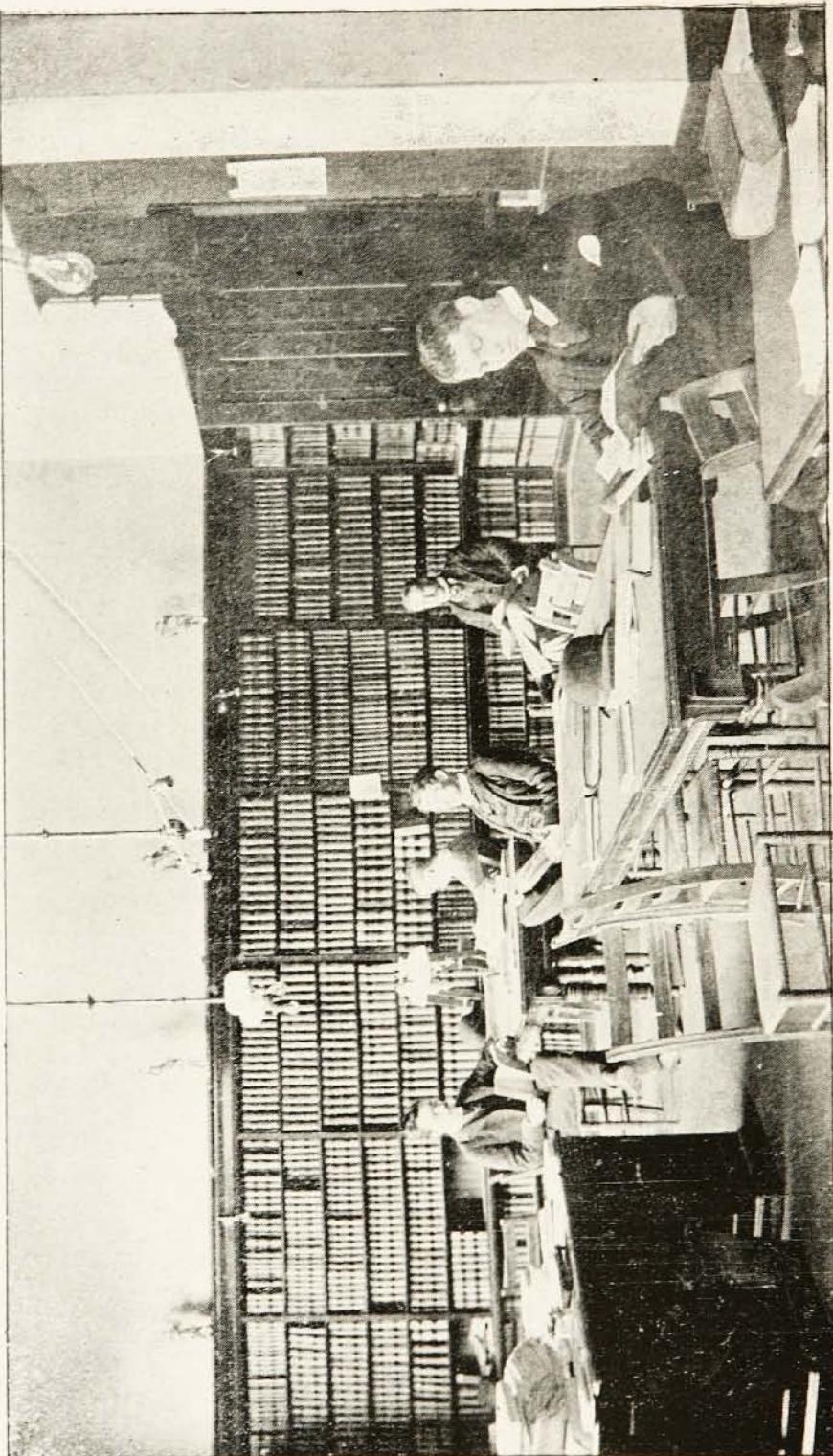
And I said, quite surprised that he'd lost his  
solemn air:  
"What is it, Mr. Owl, that amuses you up  
there?"

"Are you studying the sky? Have you found a mine of gold?  
"Or do all the world's frivolities amuse you, since you're old?"

The feathered old astronomer looked down from off the tree.  
"It's the greatest joke the season has produced," he said to me.  
"I have long made a point of observing in my way,  
"The peculiar things in Nature as she works from day to day.

"You see I am alone here, to laugh to myself;  
"The young owls have all gone courting and left me on the shelf.  
"They have gone off in pairs to take little *moonlight* trips,  
"And have wholly failed to notice that the moon is in eclipse!"

R. M. A.



LIBRARY COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY.

## WHO ?

Who sits behind a walnut desk,  
All covered o'er with things grotesque?  
And guards the sacred precincts where  
The smell of book-dust fills the air?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

Who listens for the slightest sound  
To break the silence all profound—  
The sound of revelry or mirth,  
And nips it even at its birth?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

Who has a stylographic pen,  
Therewith to rap severely, when  
Some cheerful maiden laughs in glee?  
Who glares at her most witheringly?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

Who piles before him by the score  
All kinds of papers written o'er,  
But when you ask a paltry share  
Is doubtful if there's any there?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

Who by his glance subdues the guest  
Who happens in with some request,  
And soon dispels his cheerful smile,  
Adding a solemn look the while?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

Who ought, at some not distant day,  
To take a trip far, far away,  
Till he should learn, and practice, yes,  
The blessed art of cheerfulness?

The R—g—s—tr—r.

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR BETH: So you are anxious to hear of college life among Co-Eds., and you think it must be dreadful to recite with college men. It is not dreadful at all; there is nothing more alarming about reciting with college men than with women. I am able to say that now, as nearly two years have passed since I entered the Columbian University as Freshman (or woman), with a feeling, I must confess, strangely fraught with fear and anxiety.

Naturally there is a certain degree of rivalry between the sexes. The feeling, not bitter enough to keep us constantly at daggers' points, adds spice, but is not as a rule so much a rivalry between individuals as it is a desire on the part of the girls to keep unsullied the enviable reputation of the Original Thirteen. So far we have held our own, but one day a slur came very near being cast upon us, but we were just saved. It was in Sophomore mathematics; the Glee Club had met the night before; Professor had asked one maiden after another to give or derive a certain formula, but they all sadly shook their heads. The Professor looked puzzled, but suddenly an explanation presented itself. He said: "This morning in chapel you remember this was read, 'Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask a-miss,' so now I will ask a-Mrs." The first part of the quotation seemed to amuse the boys, but when a Mrs. was asked and not a Mr. their expression changed.

You ought to see us working problems, especially the girls who wear the orange and blue chemistry aprons. Those aprons! They have a strange charm; not because they are so becoming, but because they increase the speed of working a problem 25 per cent. You are smiling incredulously now, but listen and become convinced of their magic power. One day the maidens neglected to wear them. They started to work, but the problems were refractory. The Professor was shocked and grieved at the change that had come over his pupils. After casting his critical eye over their work he turned to look at them and merely said, "Where are your aprons?" then sent them immediately up stairs to get them. As soon as they were produced every boy in the room stopped working.

Professor told them to go on, but he was too interested himself to know whether they took his advice or not. Let me explain this strange manifestation of interest. You see the aprons do not button, but hook, and if there is one thing that excites the interest of men it is a hook. Dress hooks, apron hooks, fish hooks, and every other kind of hook. No sooner are the aprons on, than a great change comes over the whole room. Everything becomes quiet; nothing is heard but the rapid movement of chalk on the black-board. Pretty soon there is a sigh of relief and a "There, I've got it," and thus one after another the problems are solved.

I have told you of only one class; it would take too long to enter into the details of all, so I shall speak only of the chemistry class. It is there we hear of the strange dialogues carried on by the different molecules. We do not understand their language, but Dr. Fristoe hears and understands perfectly, and interprets it for us as eagerly as Prof. Garner explains the language of the animals. He even knows the character of each and every molecule, and speaks most familiarly of the grasping, overbearing Mr. Oxygen.

Now I must introduce you to another phase of our college life—the foot-ball and base-ball games. Of course the girls do not receive instruction in such things, but we have our share in them. The girls are chosen, some on the side of the orange, and some on the side of the blue. As soon as a holiday comes we all go to the base-ball grounds, gaily decked in college colors. The girls have formed a tennis club. When we have our first tournament the order of things will be changed and the boys will come with colors flying to watch us.

Our life does not seem strange now, does it? However, not until you are one of us can you understand it. We see each other as we are, not under the glare of the chandelier, but busy with our daily tasks, and we learn to appreciate that which is true and noble. The girls realize that they have their places to fill, and while they admire what is manly, it does not make them masculine, but more womanly. Men for ages have written and sung of the influence of women; we trust it is not declining, but broadening; beginning at home and extending, as influence does, in mystic circles we know not whither.

Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA.

## OUR REPORTER INTERVIEWS A JUNIOR.

You want to hear about the Co-Ed. hazings? It's a profound secret, but if you'll promise not to tell—you see when '93 was promoted to the rank of Sophomore, we resolved to celebrate by having a little fun with the new Freshman girls, so, after reviving the College goat by a diet of chemicals and making elaborate ghost toilettes, we sent out invitations mystically worded and adorned with skulls and cross-bones. These created a great sensation, but you can imagine our disgust when—

'94 so shy and wary,  
Sent regrets in manner chary.

We dubbed them *fraidcats*, and informed them frigidly that we were very sorry not to have them come, as we had so much cream and cake the college pony made himself ill eating what was left; and do you know, they didn't seem to exactly believe it? In our opinion, Freshmen are of no earthly value if they are not meek and gullible.

Well, we swore revenge and bided our time, and after a due number of terrestrial revolutions we became Juniors and a new crop of "Freshies" was propagated. To these we sent invitations—very polite, this time—to a "spread." Now, '95 is a model class, and on the appointed evening the girls, one and all, with their dear little hearts going pit-a-pat, presented themselves at a Junior domicile in wavering uncertainty as to their fate. The cowardly Sophs. had insinuated the serpent of suspicion into their innocent breasts, but our Junior hospitality soon soothed their troubled souls, and after we had gotten nicely acquainted we taught them some of the rites and religions of Columbian. These, of course, I can't divulge, not even for a box of Huyler's, but perhaps little Miss Dignity might be induced to describe the hair-dressing ceremony in which she figured, or Hypatia to delineate the goblins she beheld on the

way to her prison cell, or the manner in which the Freshmen were all preserved for winter use *cum grano salis*.

All I may confess is that the evening was progressing charmingly when our serenity was disturbed by strange sounds. A feeble wail rose on the air, dying away into dismal squeaks and giggles; then we heard a horn's blast—no, not a blast; rather a long-drawn note like the cry of a lost calf. Curious, and valiant to protect our Freshman charges, we Juniors rushed to the door. The invaders had fled, leaving their combs behind them. Only the flutter of a Sophomore skirt around a tree-box betrayed them. We were about to recompose ourselves when a Freshman shriek again aroused us; a Sophomore boy had been discovered hiding in the crack of a door; we victoriously dragged him forth—he pled for mercy, but we were relentless; he perished, stunned by blasts from the very horn with which he had failed to work our destruction. We each shed a tear for the unfortunate youth, then escorted the Freshmen down to the dining room, where the daintiest of autumn repasts awaited us, decorated with all the glowing colors of October foliage. We were making merry with eating and drinking when one face, and then another, maddened with disappointment, appeared at the uncurtained windows. The Sophs., anxious for the fate of their manly protector, had returned. They gazed at the refreshments, they flattened their noses against the glass, they begged for one grape, one crumb of cake, they howled, they threatened, they offered bribes; at last they began to sing.

This was too much for even Junior patience, and as we heard "Down went Mc——," we were preparing a rush line, when a small darkey, thinking a cat fight was in progress, ran up and yelled, "Cheese it, der cop's comin'." The Sophomores retired precipitately, to return no more, and we finished our evening in victorious peace. It was near the hour when ghosts do walk when we said farewell to the Freshmen, but not then to each other. We gathered beneath a Sophomore window and made evident what Juniors could do in the way of a serenade. The cup of our revenge was running over and thus at last we hazed the class of '94.



#### CO-ED.'S CORNER.

Femiculture is one of the characteristics of the age, and we find as a *fin de siècle* trait that women represent all professions and walks of life; that our greatest universities are opening their doors to women; that the periodicals having the widest circulation are those dedicated to womanly interests; and that all others, be they newspapers or magazines, have at least one corner devoted to the welfare and success of the fairer portion of humanity. Hence THE COLUMBIAD, which claims not only to be abreast of the times, but also to emanate from a college in which Co-Education is an approved experiment, must also give due consideration to the young ladies. May the following advice fall on fruitful soil.

\* \* \*

Don't worry the Registrar.  
Don't giggle over the ice-water cooler.  
Don't talk in Psychology class.  
Don't try to captivate the law students.  
Don't cut German.  
Don't propose to the mummy.  
Don't usurp the mirror.  
Don't carry home the magazines.  
Don't flunk in " exams."

\* \* \*

THE COLUMBIAD begs leave to announce the publication of a series of pen-portraits of "Clever Daughters of Clever Men," to begin in the next issue of the Ladies' Department. These articles will be treated in a novel and piquant manner, and can not fail to interest the reader. The following young ladies of reflected genius have been selected as worthy subjects:

Ailsie Welling.  
Nella Bayne Shute.  
Maud Augusta Montague.  
Alice Aurelia Lodge.

\* \* \*

#### FASHION NOTES.

The Oxford cap and gown will be in vogue among the Senior Class this June. Medals will be a favorite decoration.

\* \* \*

A becoming Junior toilette is of violet crepon trimmed with bunches of the natural flower.

\* \* \*

Freshmen girls affect scarlet and gray.

\* \* \*

Cuffs are a convenient adjunct to one's *tout ensemble* during " exams."

\* \* \*

Chemistry aprons are not as popular as at the beginning of the season. They promise, however, to be *à la mode* next year.

\* \* \*

Greek gowns will not be worn this season.

\* \* \*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Senior.—That the Soph. Co-Eds. neglected to give you a spread is not due to their poverty-stricken condition, nor to a desire to slight '92. They simply lack proper class energy.

N. B. S.—Yes, dear, your hat is on straight and your face is clean.

Freshman.—(1) No, it is not good form for a Senior to smile at you during prayers. You should discourage all levity in a Senior. (2) If a Sophomore offers you his Latin pony, do not infer that he intends to escort you to the next Glee Club. Such reasoning is based on a fallacy of illicit process.

Bas Bleu.—As instructive and interesting reading for young ladies, we recommend two recent novels entitled: "Who Wins the Hand," and "Queen of My Soul, or Little Flossie's Revenge;" also THE COLUMBIAD, which will appear elsewhere.

'92.—If a desirable young man offers his heart and hand after your graduation, we advise you to accept. The title of A. B. does not necessarily exclude that of Mrs.

Shy Soph.—The north end of the library is relegated to the girls, but should the young men occupy all the chairs there, you will not be reported to the Faculty should you sit at the boys' table.

Physica.—Should the young man squeeze your hand while the class is engaged in receiving an electric shock, do not be alarmed. He is probably affected by involuntary muscular contraction.

Estimable Lady.—Certainly not; the Original Thirteen Plus were *never* known to sit on the college steps.

Anxious Parent.—Yes, we approve of co-education. If Daisy is anxious to go to College, we strongly recommend Columbian.

## The Qorcoran Scientific School Qalendar.

1891.

- October 1. Ye assembling of ye young scientists.
- October 29. Ye Fijian idol is relegated to ye lower regions.
- November 4. Ye Professor Fava requests ye class to find ye triangle formed by ye intersection of three planes.
- November 26. Ye young scientists give thanks.
- December 7. Ye Miss E. finds a mouse in ye cloak-room.
- December 16. Ye Professor Shute gives ye derivation of ye word "virgin."
- December 25. Ye young scientists eat Xmas turkey and rejoice in eight days' vacation.

1892.

- January 1. Ye young scientists go calling but drink lemonade only.
- January 4. Ye return of ye students to their old love, Science.
- January 15. Ye "Flour Professor" tries to dose ye rats.
- January 23. Ye "Napoleon" tries to convinee ye Professor that fire applied to gunpowder is not ye cause of ye explosion.
- February 1. Ye young scientists begin to flunk on ye "exams."
- February 17. Ye Miss K. thinks a good way to reduce ye size of her hand is to dissolve off part of it with ye strong acid.
- February 22. Ye young scientists celebrate ye birthday of ye "Father of his country."
- March 23. Ye Professors attend ye banquet of ye Alumni Association and ye young scientists attend ye theatre.
- March 25. Ye Mr. K. discovers that ye muriatic acid is composed of ye murigen and ye hydrogen.
- April 14. Ye laboratory rat gets ye "jag" on.
- April 15. Ye young scientists have holiday to commit to memory ye formula: "What a beautiful hat, and how becoming."
- April 18. Ye rain prevents ye young scientists from attending ye egg-rolling.

- April            19. Ye science reigns supreme again.
- April            20. Ye Edmunds and ye Wilson take ye free shower bath.  
Ye young scientists await ye Prof. Fava, who is gone south  
on ye expert work.
- April            27. Ye Prof. Fava awaits ye young scientists, who are gone to  
see "Othello."  
Ye Prof. Shute becomes so interested at ye tea of ye Presi-  
dent of ye University that he forgets all about ye young  
scientists.
- May            23. Ye flunking on ye final "exams." begins.
- June            8. Ye young scientists abandon ye science for ye pleasures of  
ye mountains and ye seaside.

### TO LIDDELL AND SCOTT—UNABRIDGED.

As an impudent Freshman I dubbed thee Dick,  
But now, when thy aid I implore,  
I address thee as Richard, with reverent respect,  
Which becomes my grave Seniorhood more.

## MY LAMENT.



Nature, how unequally  
Thy gifts thou dost bestow !  
What is thine object so to do  
Few people ever know.

While one is most exceeding rich,  
Another's very poor—  
While one drinks deep in pleasure's cup,  
Another's heart is sore.

And much I grieve that in this age  
Of theory, thought, and deed,  
Some compensating scheme's not found  
To satisfy the need.

A lass I know—yes, know her well ;  
Her charms are all complete :  
A velvet skin, a laughing eye,  
And tiny, tripping feet.

But there's one thing that troubles me :

She is so very small !  
While I, with chest and shoulders broad,  
Am nearly twice as tall.

O, bud of youth and beauty fair !  
So changed might all things be.  
But I'm not short enough for you,  
And you're too small for me.

## OUR BOOK-TABLE.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following volumes, all written by friends of the Editors. We regret that space will not permit us to give each one an extended review, but it may be sufficient to assure our readers that in their several lines they are all at the very height of success. Persons in charge of private or Sabbath-school libraries can not do better than to communicate with the publishers of these works:

“Society as I have Found It.” By N. Evans Fugitt.

“Order and Decorum.” By H. Grant Hodgkins.

“Handbook of Vocal Culture.” By Geo. L. Edmunds, Director of the C. U. Glee Club.

“Recipe Book of the Salvation Army, “Salvage Brigade” Soups. Compiled by S. C. Ford.

“Travels in Europe,” By J. M. Duvall and B. K. Ashford.

“Original Rules of Order for Parliamentary Assemblies.” By John H. Stone.

“The Struggles of a Journalist.” By a member of the COLUMBIAD Staff.

“The Art of Questioning: A Treatise on the Socratic Method of Instruction.” By B. B. H. Lawrence.

“Who will Win the Hand?”—a novel. By H. A. Polkinhorn.

“A History of the Sopho-Moustachian War.” By W. N. Reynolds.

“Well Worn Jokes.” Complied by the Faculty.

“Why I am a Southerner.” By the Rev. L. M. Roper.

“My Pipe and I: and other Sonnets.” By John A. Hull.

“The Use and Abuse of the Razor.” By C. M. Remey.

“Trials of a Minister’s Daughter.” By N. Bayne Shute.

“In Darkest Iowa.” By John A. Hull.

- "Pierian Whispers: Poems on Love and Kindred Topics: New Etymologies of 10,000 Words in Common Use." By L. D. Lodge, A. M.
- "Is Embalming a Lost Art?" By E. T. Fristoe, LL. D.
- "An Essay on Compulsory Attendance at Chapel Services in Colleges." By J. C. Welling, LL. D.
- "A New Greek Grammar." By H. D. Sanders.
- "The Way to Avoid a Quiz." Author unknown.
- "Blackstone Revised." F. C. Lawyer.
- "What Became of a Barge of Coal on the Kentucky River?" Harlan.
- "The Price of a Conductor's Kiss." One of the Law Faculty.

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### SCIENTIFIC CHESTNUTS.

BEING AN EXPOSITION OF THE RESULTS ACHIEVED BY A FEW OF THE CHEMISTRY "PROFS."

The "Nickel Professor" says that it is *not* just as good to take two five cent pieces for analysis as a dime.

The "Organic Professor" says that filter paper chloride *can not* by any known means be converted into Tetramethyltolyltriamidodiphenyl-naphthylcarbinolhydrochloride. [For the rest of the word, or for any necessary explanation, call on the above named professor.—Eds.]

The "Iron Ore Professor" says that he has discovered a new, rare, (and beautiful) metal which he calls "Fanny-dium." This metal has an exquisite, pure white color like aluminum, but in its properties more nearly approaches cobalt (spritely). He says, moreover, that he has never been able to obtain this metal alone, for, in spite of all his efforts, it was always associated with "Organic" or "Pyritous" matter.

Another "Professor," who shall be nameless, calls an atom, from its resemblance to a differential, a "Ghost of departed matter." He also suggested that the appropriate name for a chemist's wife is Ann Eliza, whereupon he was promptly revived with Am. O. H.

## MABEL.



**W**

HEN Mabel, in the springtime,  
Leans on the garden gate,  
The blossoms come to meet her—  
The roses dare not wait.

When Mabel, in the Summer,  
Stands in the grassy lane,  
The daisies nod about her—  
Bees follow in her train.

When Mabel, in the Autumn,  
Walks on the windy street,  
The blushing leaves attend her,  
And chase her hurrying feet.

When Mabel, in the Winter,  
Rides in the merry air,  
The snowflakes crowd to kiss her,  
And loiter in her hair.

While I, in all the seasons,  
Join in the constant chase—  
In turn as flower or snowflake,  
Pursuing one fair face!

E. A. P.



## IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

- September 21. Opening day. Dr. Welling comes to prayers (!) and talks about the Cosmos. Dr. Shute holds a formal reception in his room, and the rest of the Faculty an informal one scatteringly.
- October 5. Dr. Fristoe is carried off by a policeman.
- October 17. Prof. Gore appears in a new blazer. THE COLUMBIAD is congratulated on its success as a reformer.
- October 30. The Co-Eds. of '93 give a harvest festival to those of '95. Serenade by '94.
- November 4. A subscription is taken for Alden and Grier, and the funds misappropriated.
- November 5. Chemistry aprons make their *debut*. The mummy faints.
- November 13. First Glee Club meeting.
- November 27. The students allow the Faculty another day to be thankful in.
- December 7. The College adjourns to visit Congress.
- December 17. Mr. Farquhar lectures to '92, on Shakespeare.
- December 18. Walter shaves his moustache, and goes incog. for a week.
- December 23. '94 presents a tack-hammer to the Registrar. Junior Christmas-tree.
- December 24–January 4. "Tempus est ludendi."
- January 10. Junior elections. No disorder at the polls.
- January 11. A Co-Ed. wears a new hat and a new gown on the same day.
- February 4. Ormes steps on some phosphorous and is experimented on for several hours by the chemical Co-Eds.
- February 6. Cogley takes a nap in the French class.
- February 16. First meeting of COLUMBIAD Editors.

- February 17. Five students in chapel. Prayer offered for "our absent friends." Edmunds and Wilson visit the Prep., and Prof. Montague invites them to call again.
- March 2. The '92-'93 German class tells about Tell.
- March 5. Great snowstorm. Miss P. steals a cab. "Spread" on the third floor.
- March 23. Glee Club dance. Refreshments plundered. New catalogues out.
- March 24. Banquet in the laboratory.
- March 29. COLUMBIAD concert. The Banjo Club the heroes of the occasion.
- April 1. Miss Murphy calls on Mr. Remey and Dr. Fristoe. Red-pepper taffy generously distributed.
- April 12. Reynolds narrowly escapes from Sophomore bandits. Photograph taken on the portico.
- April 17. Grand Co-Ed. display of Easter millinery.
- April 27. Dr. Welling receives the students.
- May 8. Pedestrian Club walk to Soldiers' Home.
- May 23. COLUMBIAD goes to press.

### WANTED,

Wanted—a ribbon fair,  
A ribbon of azure hue,  
To bind his long, fair locks  
Into a dainty queue.

Send it to Columbian's door,  
Addressed to the Sophomore Class :  
Gracious thanks await, I trow,  
The sweet and benevolent lass

Who will send him this ribbon fair,  
This ribbon of azure hue,  
To bind his long, fair locks  
Into a dainty queue.

## CO-EDUCATION.



The shadows fall : the Janitor  
Begins to light the flaming lamps,  
While budding lawyers enter from  
The dankness of the evening damps.

Still on the stairs two figures sit—  
One a fair maid with sunny eyes ;  
The other bends to hear her speak  
A word in answer, ere they rise.

These last examinations are  
Invariably rather long ;  
But this eclipses all the rest,  
And seems quite positively wrong.

He asks the questions, and demands  
But one small word as her reply—  
Encouraging her heart the while  
His eagerness to satisfy.

The Janitor surveys afar  
The shadows nestling in her hair,  
And reverentially regards  
Th' examinations on the stair !



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